

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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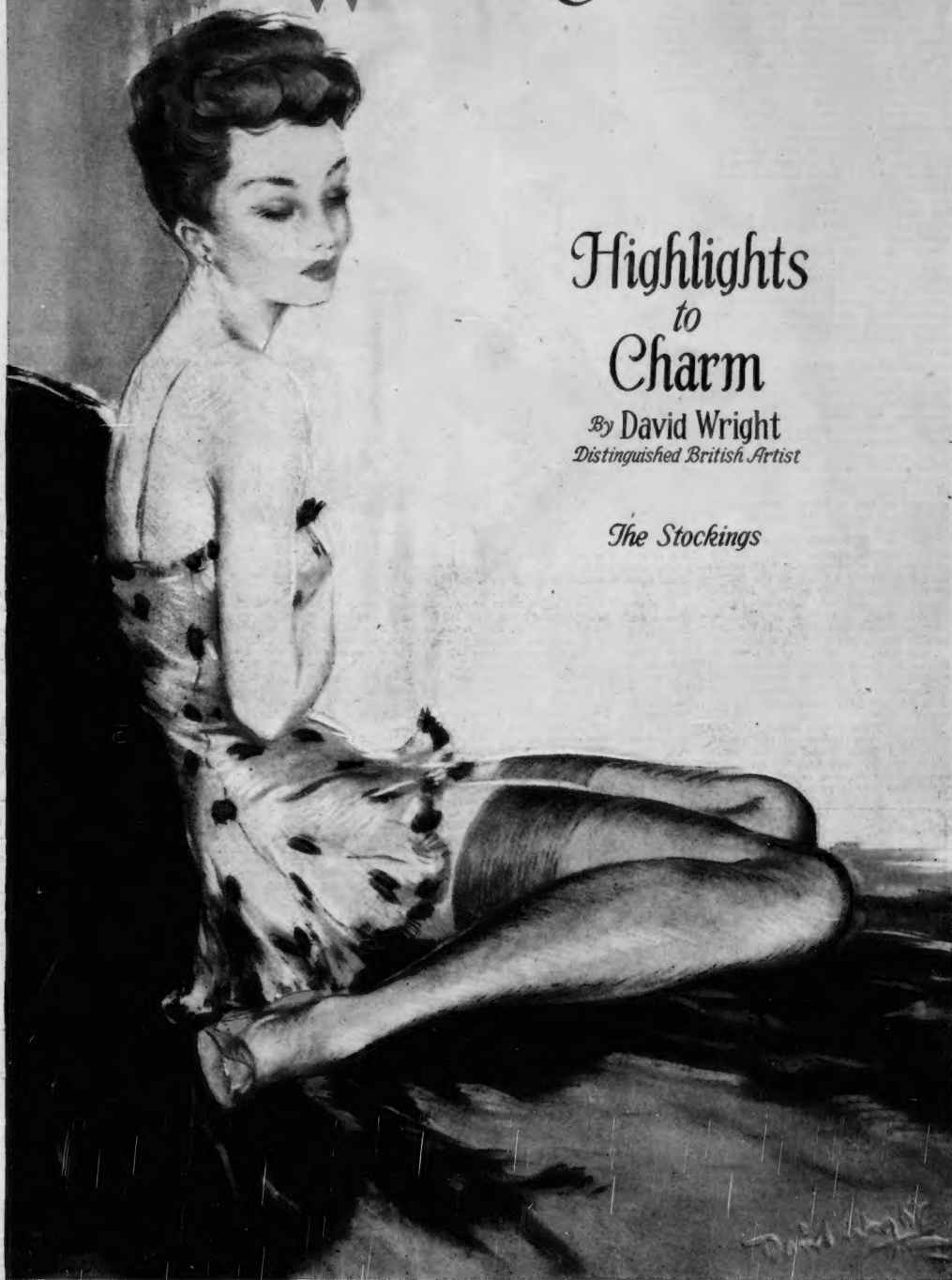
"The Nation's Reading Habit"
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Week of July 23, 1944

Highlights to Charm

By David Wright
Distinguished British Artist

The Stockings



Snuffing Out Africa's Bloodthirsty Ghosts

THE Sudanese chief, a bull-necked black, rose from his carved ivory throne. Slowly he looked around the packed palaver house. The squatting native warriors, sweat rolling down their shiny backs, stirred nervously as the king eyed each man in turn. Finally he bent his gaze on the coal-black, wrinkled face of the tribal witch doctor. The medicine man—unflinchingly—looked straight back at the hard, set eyes of his boss. The atmosphere was hot—and tense.

The time for a showdown had come. The chief wanted to lead his warriors into the bush to track down a gang of jungle fanatics who had been kidnaping young Sudanese maidens and offering them up as human sacrifices in weird blood-letting rituals.

The medicine man was against it. He argued that the killings—which had been going on for more than two years—were done by "ghosts." To hunt them down, he said, would draw the wrath of the gods.

Even the king, steeped in native superstition, had hesitated about suggesting the ghost-hunt, but he had changed his mind in a hurry. His own daughter had been kidnaped that night.

All was quiet in the smoke-filled palaver house as the two men glared for a long minute at each other. Then the chief pointed to the stack of spears that rested against the wall of the big hut.

"We go," the chief spoke in slow and measured tones. "Now." To implement his command, the king strode over and picked up one of the sharp-pronged spears. He started for the door. The natives, simple, superstitious folk, hesitated a second—torn between the fear of the unknown and loyalty to their leader.

Then one by one they walked to the stack. Soon the medicine man was standing alone in the council hut. With a shrug of his painted shoulders, he, too, grabbed a spear and followed.

The warriors knew exactly where to go. All the bodies of the stolen girls had been found in the same place. Slowly and quietly, the men sneaked up on the ritual site. And what they saw there made them gasp.

Some even threw down their spears and fled.

A ring of fires lit the eerie scene. The chief's pretty daughter, tied to stakes, lay on the ground. She was dead. Dancing in and out among the fires, and making queer chanting sounds, were eight lively "ghosts."

The medicine man, standing next to the chief, jogged his elbow and whispered:

"You see, I right. Not men. Ghosts."

The king, wide-eyed and shaking with fright, was about to order a general retreat when he saw something strange. Immediately he called for an attack.

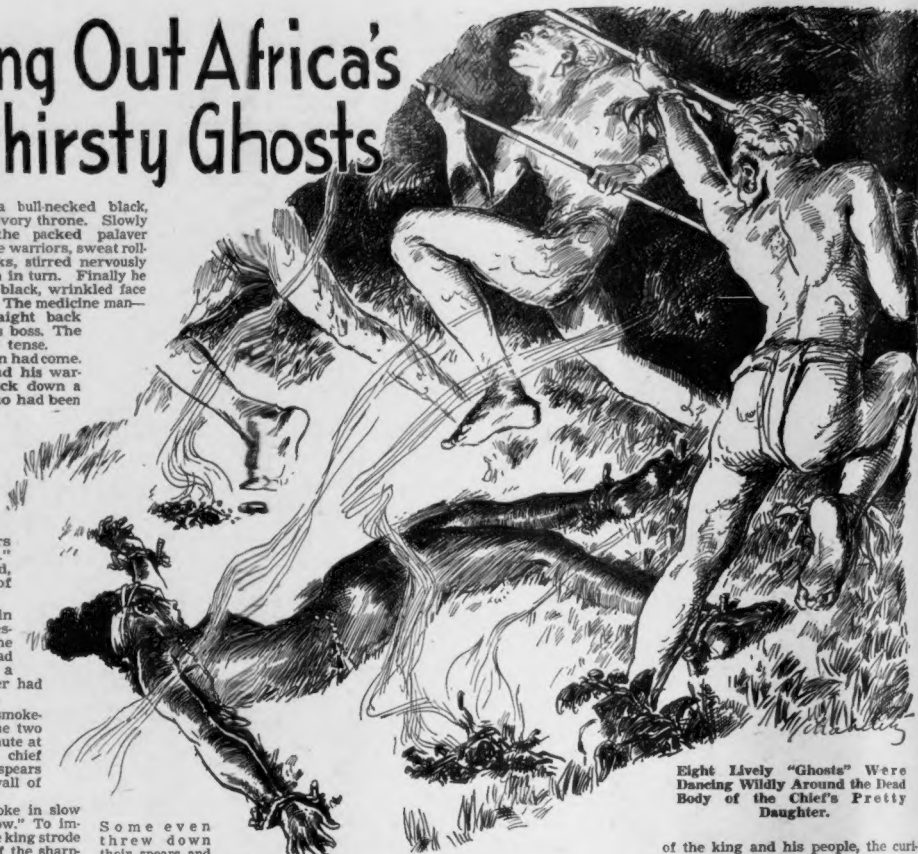
The natives, not knowing whether there'd be anything to grab or not, obediently closed in on the white figures. The yells of surprise and fright that came from the

noisy dancers were satisfyingly real.

The "ghosts" proved to be eight young men of the tribe. Their bodies were covered by an inch-thick paste made of white ashes. With spears at their throats, they confessed to kidnaping, ravishing and offering up the chief's daughter for sacrifice. And they admitted all the other revolting killings that had so terrorized the tribe.

Some of the warriors were all for exacting revenge right on the spot, but the chief managed to restrain them. "This," he said shaking his bushy head sternly, "is for white man's court."

Back in the village, the king sent a runner to Fashoda, the nearest white settlement, and in a few hours, a police officer, sent out by the Sudan governor, was on the scene to take the young natives in custody. Knowing full well the superstitious nature



Eight Lively "Ghosts" Were Dancing Wildly Around the Dead Body of the Chief's Pretty Daughter.

of the king and his people, the curious constable asked:

"Tell me, chief, what made you decide those devils were not ghosts?"

The king smiled. "First I think medicine man right. Then I see one ghost step burning ember. He jump. Make yell. I know he man. Real ghosts can walk in fire."

They Know Their Onions

A GIRL doesn't mind a fellow knowing his onions, just so long as he doesn't eat them. Working on this theory, the soldiers at Camp Blanding, Fla., have established an "Onion Squad."

A strong-arm outfit made up of GIs from Company A, 227th Battalion, the boys have taken it upon themselves to see that all married soldiers leaving camp on a pass, but not going home, gobble down a generous portion of the edible and smelly bulb.

The squad stands a steady watch outside the orderly room on the days that passes are handed out. Each family man is stopped and presented with one of the fragrant vegetables. The latest reports are that most of the individuals singled out for this "honor" accept more or less voluntarily.

But those who refuse get tough treatment. First they are talked to in the choice language of a drill sergeant ending with an "eat-or-else" ultimatum. Any holdout after this dressing down is grabbed by the muscle boys and the love antidote is rammed down his throat. No married man—unless he is going to meet his wife—gets by without partaking generously of the odoriferous plant.

"An onion a day keeps the girls away" is the explanation given by the corporal of the volunteer squad.



A Trick the Japs Hate

AN ARMY cook named Nick the Greek will never get a medal for dropping stuff on the Japs in the South Pacific—but there seems little doubt that his exploits as a bombardier will make him one of the amusing, legendary figures of this war.

Nick who, with his pots and pans, keeps thing going on the front burner for the boys at an American bomber base, is, in the words of his flying buddies, "plane crazy." He is always begging the pilots to take him with them on raids deep into enemy territory.

When they allow him to go along, he always lugs a couple of garbage cans with him and, while the bombardiers let go with their high explosives, he happily dumps the smelly stuff on the surprised Nips.

It's the private theory of Nick—who has become known among the fliers as the swiftest bombardier in the South Pacific—that one way of making the Japs lose face is to spray their toothy physiognomies with odoriferous leftovers.

While His Buddies Are Strafing the Nips With Bombs and Bullets, the Flying Cook Sprays Them With the Company Garbage.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Virginia Wright of New York, N. Y.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather . . . as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was brighter, cleaner, less oily! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin •Finer texture •Better tone
- Fewer blemishes •Less dryness •Less oiliness
- Smoother skin •Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors)



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



"Dirt's one thing I don't fuss about...thanks to Super Suds"

EXTRA SUDS!

"A heavy wash is lots smoother sailin' when you've got so MUCH MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS to wash with," says Mrs. Ruth Falk

"ARTHUR and Richard over there are just born gardeners, I guess. Anyway, they sure like to help. But let 'em get dirty, I say. With new Super Suds, dirt comes out fast and easy, what with the way it keeps plenty of THICK, HARD-WORKIN' SUDS goin' in the tub. Goodness, those suds hold up like anything. That's important, because it keeps loosened dirt from settlin' back on the clothes again. Honest, doin' a heavy wash is just a picnic, aside of what it used to be before I got new Super Suds."



Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Then do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get MORE SUDS, LONGER-LASTING SUDS, from Super Suds.



FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS



★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap



After Getting the Magazine Page Number by a Trick, the Mentalist Then Reads From the Page by Consulting the Palmed Cue Sheet Below.

By RICHARD HIMBER
The Noted Orchestra Leader and Expert on Magic

CHAPTER I

DO YOU believe in witch doctors, medicine men and practitioners of voodooism?

Of course you don't. You are one of many millions who scoff at so-called black magic and other forms of mumbo-jumbo ritual.

Yet today, there is an ever-growing number of apparent "witch workers" in the United States. They are men and women regarded with considerable awe and wonderment. They receive large fees for their efforts. They appear in theatres, night clubs, and even in your homes by means of radio. They call themselves "Mind Readers," "Telepathists," "Mental Visionaries," or one of a dozen other fanciful titles.

You can identify any of them by a single line they all use.

It is, "I am now going to read your mind."

That single statement, with its awesome and portentous content, represents one of the greatest myths ever put forward by a human being.

No person can read your mind. That is true today; it was true yesterday, and a thousand years ago. It will be true 10,000 years hence, unless science discovers absolutely new secrets of thought transference and extra sensory perception.

I believe that the man who stands before a group of people and makes the statement, "I am going to read your mind," and then permits the inference of supernatural or psychic power, instead of admitting that everything he does is magic, trickery, legerdemain or prestidigitation, is in the same class with the so-called seers, palmists, phrenologists, necromancers, astrologers and astro-numerologists who flourish in spite of repeated legislative and police action.

All mind reading is a fake. I do not question the entertainment value of this phase of magical enterprise. There are a few ethical practitioners who preface their work with, "Everything I am going to do is based on trickery and deception."

Unfortunately, people are willing to pay more for the privilege of being "taken in" by those who profess to have psychic powers.

Every time one of these quack soothsayers utters the line, "I am going to read your mind," more than 3,000 members of a worthy organization known as the Society of American Magicians, let out screams of anguished denial.

The Society of American Magicians, which I respect and admire for high ideals and a rigorous code of ethics, has long sought to prove to the general public that mind readers, are nothing of the sort, but magicians and tricksters of varying degrees of skill.

The S. A. M. is but one of several organizations offering huge rewards to any individual who can authenticate mind reading—who can actually perform feats of the mind which any S. A. M. member cannot explain away as being nothing more than trickery and deception.

Thus far, no member of the mind reading fraternity has sought to take advantage of this offer, or of the other fabulous sums that are being held out as enticement to anyone able to prove there is such a thing as psychic power.

The S. A. M. goes as far as it can in this respect. Unfortunately, the organization and its membership are hamstrung by their own code of ethics. An important part of that code is, "No member shall ever expose a trick, under penalty of expulsion from the Society."

If the S. A. M. were of a mind to expose the mental marvels for what they were, it would be necessary to reveal their methods—thereby exposing the same tricks of magic which they are pledged never to reveal!

I believe, as the S. A. M. does, that many people throughout the United States have acquired a belief in the supernatural and in psychic phenomena, only because their minds have been influenced that way by the so-called mental marvels.

The mentalist, by and large, is not dishonest. He exacts a fee for his services which are supposed to be along entertainment lines. He cannot understand the fuss and commotion about the "small deceit" he practices in permitting people to believe he has supernatural powers. He is not at all concerned with the far-reaching ill effects of letting people think that way.

Ask yourself this question:—"If it were possible for this man to read my mind and to answer my questions as to the future, then why didn't he and his fellow mentalists stop Hitler; why don't they make for themselves fabulous fortunes by

It's Really Nothing But Old-Fashioned Hocus-Pocus in Modern Dress, Says Richard Himber, Who Explains How Easy—And Dangerous—It Is to Trick the Gullible Public With Phony "Second Sight"

What Prof. Knight Dunlap, Department of Psychology, University of California at Los Angeles, thinks of telepathy:

Many persons claim to have the "power" of telepathy, but are unwilling to subject their claims to scientific investigation. Most psychologists, in their younger periods, have investigated thought readers, some of whom turned out to be sincere amateurs easily convinced of their inability to read minds. Some were tricksters, seeking publicity build-up. The established professional, with the necessary training as a magician, does not court scientific scrutiny.

Most professional mind readers admit privately that they operate by trickery, but they also believe that the process is possible

predicting tomorrow's stock market; why aren't they called into the courts to read the minds of suspects to determine guilt or innocence?"

I believe the so-called mind reader has made it possible for thousands of less scrupulous practitioners to mislead the public. Newspapers frequently print stories about some gullible individual who has been victimized by a larcenous "fortune teller."

I say that the highly-paid and allegedly honest mind readers are indirectly responsible for this condition. They permit people to believe that there is such a thing as mind reading—hence, fortune telling, tea leaf reading, palmistry and all the other forms of dishonest quackery continue to flourish everywhere.

Edward W. Dart, secretary of the parent Assembly No. 1, New York, Society of American Magicians, recently wrote a letter to The American Weekly, in which he officially stated the feelings of his organization regarding the mental marvels. He said:

"Fortune telling and mind reading are two lines of endeavor which the Society does not subscribe to except when the 'medium' or performer frankly states that he is providing entertainment and following magical principles.

"In other words, the Society does not and will not believe in either of these so-called sciences until the performer is willing to demonstrate his ability before the Society without the assistance of either paid or unpaid stooges, but it does subscribe to the fact that both are highly entertaining when performed by an expert magician or one versed in the art of magic."

There you have the official stand of the Society of American Magicians regarding mind readers. Its membership, past and present, numbers such well known magicians as Harry Houdini, Howard Thurston, Theodore Hardeen, Nate Leipsig and Cardini, all of whom were presidents of the organization; and famed magis, including Harry Keller, Mme. Hermann, Carter the Great, Dr. Giovanni, Dante, Frakson, Carl Rosini, and virtually every other professional.

Among the "violent amateurs"—people in other walks of life who make magic a hobby are and were Fulton Oursler, Marshall P. Wilder, Edgar Bergen, Chester Morris, the late Hendrik Willem Van Loon, together with representatives of law, medicine, science and business.

In 42 years, the Society has grown from a membership of 24 to more than 100 times that size. The present war has developed a real demand for magic and magicians. Scores of S. A. M. members are devoting their time to the entertainment of our armed forces throughout the world.

Yet the S. A. M., by its own strict tenets, is powerless



Harry Houdini Spent His Lifetime Exposing Fake Spiritualists, But the Rules of the Society of American Magicians Prevented Him From Showing Up Mind Readers Since Their Stunts Are All Based on Magic.

"Mind Reading Is the Bunk"

to fully expose the mind reader as a trickster and magician. To do so would be to expose the workings of magic. Even the great Houdini, who bitterly fought the fake spiritualists, mind readers and mediums during his entire lifetime, was rendered helpless by the laws of the S. A. M., when it came to full exposure.

I refuse to be bound by any such rules and regulations, in spite of my great admiration for the Society of American Magicians.

Certainly, I am going to expose mind readers by exposing their mental magical devices. I know that magicians will raise the cry, "You are taking our means of livelihood from us!"

I have no intention of exposing magic. If I were to write a dozen books, each of a thousand pages, I couldn't possibly expose all of magic. What I will reveal will be, because of space limitations, an infinitesimal part of the tricks used only by mind readers to get "psychic effects."

It is important that you, your family, your children and your friends be thoroughly convinced that there is no such thing as mind reading or telepathy that can be controlled and commanded by an individual.

To believe that a man is capable of psychic power is a throw-back to the Dark Ages and to the times when witchcraft, sorcery and voodooism prevailed.

In addition, I hope that some person, by reading this, will be convinced that all mind readers, seers, mediums and fortune tellers are tricksters.

To show you how the great and the small can be influenced by the mind reading myth, I am offering a true story about a recent happening.

My orchestra and I were to appear as part of a Victory Pageant by and for the 11,000 employees of Bausch & Lomb, the Rochester concern that turns out precision instruments so needed in Army and Navy planes.

The top-ranking executives of the company invited me to luncheon at the Rochester Club. There I was asked the inevitable question, "How about doing some magic for us?"

"I'll do better than that," I replied, "I'll read your mind."

Just by "mere coincidence," I happened to have a copy of a magazine with me at the time. I placed it on the table and then stood in a corner with my face to the wall.

"Take any number of three different digits," I said. "Write it down, but don't let anyone see it. Now reverse the digits.

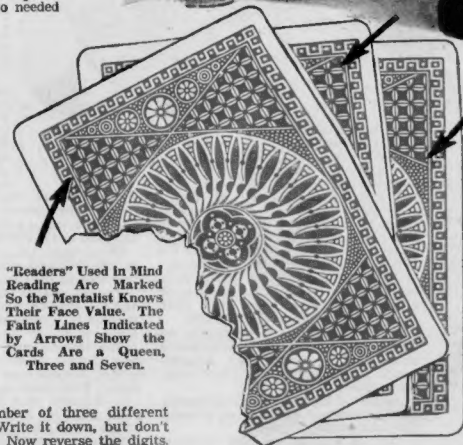
If you selected 721, put 127 beneath it. In the event the reverse number is larger than the first one, then place it above the first number.

"Now, subtract the smaller number from the larger number. You have three digits left. Eliminate the first one. Just to make sure there is no chicanery, tell everyone here what number you discarded. We are not going to use it.

"You eliminated a three, you say? Well, that isn't important. There's a magazine on the table.



Richard Himber and Two Assistants With Marked Cards, Chinese Rings, Trick Ropes and Other Assorted Paraphernalia Used by Magicians—and Mind Readers.



Turn to the page represented by the other two numbers."

I gave him time to find the page. Remember, my back was turned to him all this time.

"Now, concentrate," I announced, "for I am going to read your mind."

"Your mind tells me," I spoke slowly, "that there are two advertisements on the page."

I then went on to describe them. "Then," I continued, "there is a story carried over from page 17. It begins as follows—"

and I actually began to read the story. I read one line and stopped with, "I could read the entire page to you, but that would be a trifle dull."

They were astounded. All wanted to know how it was done. But I refused then to expose it. The very fact that I would not reveal the

secret convinced these hard-headed business executives that I had actually done mind reading.

"If you hadn't stood in a corner facing the wall," said the man whose mind I had "read," "then I might believe that it was trickery. But inasmuch as you never looked at the paper or the magazine, then you must have read my mind."

I had no alternative but to expose the trick.

A bit of preparation is necessary for this trick. Select a magazine of 100 pages or more. On a small card, write the first line of the first paragraph on pages 90 to 99 inclusive. Beside each line, write a key word to indicate the advertisements, if any.

The rest is based on a mathematical formula. Assume that the number is 721. Reversed, it is 127. Subtract 127 from 721, and you get 594.

After the subtraction, the middle digit of the balance will always be 9, while the first and last digits will add to nine.

You ask your victim to cross out the first digit as unimportant. However, by learning that the five was crossed out, you know the last number is four. So you have 94.

Standing with your face to the wall permits you to extract the card from your handkerchief pocket and read, without fear of detection, the advertisements and the first line of the page.

Next week Mr. Himber, in his second article, will tell how, as a child, he became interested in "mind reading."

Young Mr. Warner's Costly Analysis of Love



Not Even the Fortune He Spent
to Test His Sweetheart's Affection
Could Insure Marital Happiness
for Cupid's "Doubting Thomas"



Jean Mac Donald Warner
passed all but one
of her husband's
love tests

Then Tom's father almost upset the love boat

which
brought
a deluge
of costly
law suits

Finally
Cupid
plunged
them into
matrimony



By HARRY H. MORGAN
"DOUBTING THOMAS" W.
WARNER, JR., son of the
millionaire auto accessories
manufacturer, is back on the dubious
list again after a brief six years' so-
journ into the realms of faith in
Cupid and marital happiness.

He's counting the cost in detective
fees, hours of anguish and risk of in-
curring his father's ire—all items
on his expense account when he
triple-tested pretty Jean Mac-
Donald in 1937 to learn whether
she was in love with his shekels
or himself alone.

The total expenditure, it seems,
should have guaranteed a part-
nership for life. But though they
eloped to Las Vegas and lived
happily—up to now—the romance
has turned cold.

Mrs. Warner has just gone into
the Los Angeles Superior Court

with a complaint asking divorce,
charging her husband with cruelty,
which caused her "grievous mental
and physical suffering and anguish."
He apparently is likewise convinced
that the elaborate love-test didn't
carry a life guarantee
because he has in-
dicated his willing-
ness to let his
wife gain free-

man husband appears
to be agreeable to that.
That's not much like
his attitude back in
1937 met the 24-year-old divorcee.

Tommy knew there was no doubt
about his love and Jean seemed to
love him, but worldly-wise associates
raised a doubt. Was he certain the
lady loved him or just his money?

To settle the question young Tom-
my decided to find out. He engaged a
private detective, Mrs. Pearl Anti-
bus, to spy on Mrs. MacDonald.

Mrs. Antibus put her sleuths on
Jean's trail and set up headquarters
in an adjoining apartment. A dicto-
graph was installed in the young
lady's quarters.

As part of the test, Tommy, seated
in the detective's apartment, phoned
the unsuspecting Jean.

"I'm all washed up, I'm through
with you. It's all off," he said.
He slammed down the receiver
and rushed to the dictograph in time
to hear Jean scream and faint.

One day, soon after that, Tommy,
listening on the dictograph, heard
Jean phoning to a close friend. Then
he heard her say:

"You know I don't care anything
about Tommy's filthy money. I love
him just for what he is."

"Doubting Thomas" War-
ner, From Whom Jean
Now Wants to Be Freed.



That broke up
the love-spying
right there. Tom-
my dashed into the
next apart-
ment to sweep
into his arms the
woman whose
love he had just
heard confirmed.

Mrs. Antibus be-
came a good
friend of the cou-
ple and they be-
came frequent
visitors at her
home in the sub-
urbs of Los
Angeles.

Tommy began
spending much
time with Jean at
the Antibus home.
His father, quite
naturally, became
curious and in-
vestigated.

He concluded
that his son had
been made a love
captive and was
being held against
his wishes. He
went to the dis-
trict attorney and
a few nights later
investigators,
with the senior
Warner, visited
the Antibus home.

They told Mrs.
Antibus that they
had come to re-
scue Tommy. She
admitted his pres-
ence only when
they indicated
they would see for
themselves.

It was said that Mrs. Antibus
popped one detective on the nose.
She was brushed aside and the raiders
ascended to the second floor.

There they found young Warner
in the bathroom. Mrs. MacDonald
was also in the house.

Tommy started off with his father
and the officers. Then Mrs. Antibus
shouted to Tommy that he was being
kidnaped and to fight.

The investigators reported he hit
two of them before he was subdued.
Mrs. Antibus sued Tommy's father,
Burton Pitts, then district attorney of
Los Angeles, and a miscellany of
John Does for \$1,250,000 as a result
of the midnight raid.

Mrs. Margaret Kline, nursemaid in
the detective's household, demanded
\$75,000 for mental shock and injuries.

Young Warner eventually sued Mrs.
Antibus for an accounting of the
\$2,900 she said she spent on the love-
test investigation. The damage suits
finally were dropped.

Father and son ended their differ-
ences; Tommy and Jean were mar-
ried, and it looked as if they all
would live happily ever after.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



But six years of
married life proved
Cupid was all wet



"In plannin' to please my family—

BREAD COMES

First"



WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD? JUST LISTEN!

Made to standards approved by the U. S. Government, every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:

- VITAMIN B₁**—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.
- VITAMIN B₂** (riboflavin)—essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.
- NIACIN**—an important factor in the Vitamin B complex.
- IRON**—helps build good, rich blood.
- PROTEIN**—helps build tissue and promote growth.
- CARBOHYDRATES**—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

These standards have been assumed for all baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U. S. Government and the Baking Industry in the past two years.

Bread is playing a bigger part in keeping America well fed than ever before—because the enriched white bread you get from your baker today is the *best bread America ever had!* Just loaded with food-values—the newest one being Vitamin B₂, or riboflavin, which authorities say is an essential to normal growth and good nutrition.

Read that panel below and you see why bread is featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups of our government's official nutrition program.

So, to help make *sure* that your meals satisfy your bodily needs—eat *plenty* of baker's good, white bread every day. It's plentiful, inexpensive and convenient!

BREAD IS BASIC

PS—MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



A Genuine Coin, Left, Is Identified by the Even and Distinct "Needling" on Its Outer Edge, While the Counterfeit Is Crooked and Indistinct.

The Singular Privilege of Reproducing on This Page Photographs of Genuine and Counterfeit Money Is by Special Permission of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Further Reproduction in Whole or in Part Is Strictly Prohibited.

By JOHN J. FLOHERTY

A RESPECTABLE man with strong face and a manner as mild as that of a monk chatted with me across a broad, bare desk. His voice had a sympathetic quality, so soft and soothing that I found it difficult to believe that the mere mention of his name brought cold chills to the mothers of the oldest racket in the world—counterfeiting.

Frank J. Wilson, as Chief of the United States Secret Service, assisted by his Secret Service agents and with efficient co-operation of the local police, has herded into the Federal penitentiaries thousands of men and women who attempted to get rich quickly by giving bad money for good. Ever since the Lydians invented their button-like money in 700 B. C., the counterfeiter has preyed upon the currencies of the world. Frequently their depredations have brought disaster to nations and stark want to their people.

Before the introduction of paper money it was a common occurrence to find that the honest gold and silver coins issued by the government had disappeared before an avalanche of counterfeit. The good coins were hoarded by the counterfeiters, melted down and sold as bullion.

The death penalty, and at times the torture chamber, failed to deter them.

In 1776 a three-pound note was issued in New Jersey and on it was printed the warning, "To Counterfeit Is Death." About the same time England was also waging war on counterfeiters.

Wagons loaded with makers of bad money were hauled up Holborn Hill to the gibbets day after day. Many of the worst offenders were burned at the stake.

When, during the Civil War, the U. S. Government put out its famous issue of "greenbacks," counterfeiting was a national menace. To safeguard the new paper currency, the Treasury Department organized its own law enforcement unit and called it the United States Secret Service.

Not until then did the United States conduct an

organized warfare against the counterfeiters. In spite of the best efforts of the Secret Service, however, millions of dollars in phony money found its way into the pockets of victims every year.

Not until Chief Wilson launched his "Know Your Money" campaign, aimed at showing the public how to protect its pocketbook from the professional passer of counterfeit, did the bad-money mob run to cover.

With the encouragement of Secretary Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Chief Wilson enlisted the public in the round-up of the criminals through a nationwide campaign of education in which the defects of bad money and the artistic characteristics of good money were demonstrated. In addition, retail merchants were shown how best to outsmart the "shover" of counterfeit money.

The Chief is proudest of a simple printed slip, or warning notice, that the Secret Service distributed among retail stores, banks and other likely victims of the counterfeiters. This warning notice in simple outline the position and character of the features of paper money most easily detected when it is counterfeit.

Its method of use was as simple as its design. Fastened on a showcard, and placed near the cash register, it is a ready reference for cashier or clerk. Its presence is unknown to those outside.

A case typical of how this paper sleuth works occurred recently. A good-looking sedan pulled up outside a drug store. One of two men in it got out and entered the store. Well-dressed and of pleasant manner, the stranger purchased a toothbrush for 48 cents, giving

the saleswoman a ten-dollar bill in payment. The young woman went to the cash register to make change and paused for a moment, resting her hand behind a showcard advertising a cosmetic; then she rang up the sale.

"Sorry," she said, "I am a little short of small bills." She called the proprietor, explained that the customer was waiting for change and handed him the bill. The druggist apologized and went to the safe in the back of the store.

Beside the safe was posted one of the Secret Service warning notices describing a recent counterfeit bill appearing in the city. A glance at it and a quick scrutiny of the bill proved that the money was counterfeit. He phoned the police.

Meanwhile the saleswoman, following the Secret Service directions on the warning notice, engaged the customer in pleasant conversation. In a few minutes a police radio car pulled up.

The customer sprang for the door but was grabbed by a policeman. His companion in the sedan was also caught after a short chase.

A search of the counterfeiters' car disclosed nothing unusual. On opening the glove compartment the cop smiled as he found what appeared to be an innocent flashlight.

"Same old gag," he said, drawing from the battery compartment a roll of counterfeit bills. Since children are often used as the unwitting tools of the counterfeiters, the Secret Service has conducted an intensive "Know Your Money" campaign in the schools.

Almost every night hundreds of thousands of youngsters were on the alert for plausible strangers anxious to have a bill changed or a small purchase made.

Quite recently a boy on his way from school in a New England town noticed a man in a store and throw his purchase in a public can. Filled with

curiosity, he watched the stranger enter several stores and on leaving dispose of his purchase in the same manner.

Remembering what he had learned in school about the ways of counterfeiters, he went to a policeman on a street crossing and told him what he had seen. The cop, also familiar with the tricks of the counterfeiters' trade, strove nonchalantly to the corner of a side street and there he waited.

Parted across the street was a blue automobile with a man at the wheel. Presently the suspect came along and entered the car. The policeman jumped in beside the driver and ordered him to drive to the police station. A search of the car revealed 3,000 counterfeit half-dollars in a sack.

The counterfeiters' method of employing children is simple. A man or woman driving a car that may be a swanky sedan or a jalopy pulls to the curb where children are playing.

"Hey, Bud!" the stranger says to one of them. "Hop into the store and get me a pack of cigarettes. I can't park here!" Then, giving the boy a counterfeit five-dollar bill, he says, "Make it snappy and you get a dime!" When the boy returns with the cigarettes and the change, the counterfeit makes a quick getaway, richer by \$4.75 in good money.

The traffic in counterfeit money is conducted in a well-organized manner. First is the manufacturer, who actually prints the paper money or makes the spurious coins. He sells his output to jobbers who buy the worthless money in quantity lots. These jobbers, or middlemen, sell it in smaller quantities to whatever peddlers or "shovers," as they are called in the underworld, that they can find.

Today the losses to victims of bogus bills are around 97 per cent lower than they were before an effort was begun to make the public counterfeit-conscious. The Secret Service believes that the "Know Your Money" campaign was a major factor in accomplishing this saving to the people.

Contrary to popular belief, there is practically no counterfeit currency now in circulation that the average person cannot detect. Spurious coins are made of such inferior metal and as a rule, of such poor workmanship, that even a slight examination proves them base.

They are "grossed" even smooth to the touch, and are easily cut with a knife. When dropped on a hard surface, they give off a dull sound, unlike the bell-like ring of the genuine. And when a drop of acid can be applied to counterfeit silver coins, they turn black. This acid can be obtained for a few cents at any drug store. The "needling" around the edges is irregular and dented.

The best way to detect a counterfeit bill is to compare it with a good one of the same denomination, preferably under a magnifying glass such as may be purchased in any five-and-dime store. In the counterfeit the serial numerals are

Look

at Your Money!

An Expert Tells How the United States Secret Service Makes It Easy to Detect Phony Coins and Bills and How You Can Play a Vital Part in Nabbing Counterfeiters

fuzzy-edged and often broken, the tips of the points around the Treasury Seal are blunt and ragged instead of being sharp and regular. A close examination of the portrait on a phony bill shows the engraved lines that express the features to be smudged in the shadow areas and broken in the highlights.

The eyes, however, are the real giveaway. In the counterfeit they are dull, lifeless and staring, unlike those of the genuine in which the eye is full of life and is composed of beautifully engraved circular lines. The fine network of lines on the counterfeit, back of the face, is definitely peck-marked with ink spots throughout the spaces between the lines.

In a genuine bill every touch of the engraving tool is placed with the most exact precision. The best engravers in the world and is preserved in the printing through infinite care in the press-work and numerous inspections.

The counterfeit's victim should report his loss promptly to the nearest Secret Service office, to the police or to the local bank with a good description of the person from whom the bad money was accepted.

Recently an affable stranger made a two-dollar purchase in a small store and offered a \$20 bill in payment. The merchant discovered that he had only \$17 in change and apologized to the customer.

"That's all right," said the stranger, pointing to a dollar article. "I'll take this also." Gratefully, the merchant thanked the patron and handed over his \$17. A day or two later he went to the bank to make a deposit. The teller,

The Genuine and Counterfeit Numeral Compared. The Lower Half, Which Is Phony, Appears Fuzzy and Worn, While the Genuine Is Sharp and Clear.

when counting off the bills, stopped suddenly. "Sorry," he said, "but this is a counterfeit," and laid the only \$20 bill in the deposit on the ledge. The merchant was indignant. He insisted he received the bill from a "fine gentleman."

"Do you know him?" asked the teller. "No," replied the merchant dubiously, "but I believe he was an honest man."

The teller smiled. "I know all about him," he said grimly. "You are the fourth customer we've had today who would swear the good-looking stranger was honest."

That is why the U. S. Secret Service warns everyone in the country to beware that "All strangers are not counterfeiters, but all counterfeiters are strangers."



A Counterfeit One-Dollar Bill Can Be Quickly Exposed Under a Magnifying Glass. The Eyes of the Portrait Seem Dull, Lifeless and Staring, Unlike the Lively Eyes on the Real Thing.



Part of a Counterfeiter's Elaborate Equipment, Seized Recently in a Raid at Bremerton, Washington. Rudolph Kates, Above, Tests a Suspicious Coin With Acid. If the Metal Turns Black, the Coin Is Bogus.



© 1944 The Studebaker Corporation

"Those engines sure have the power!"

THE brother of a waist gunner on a Boeing Flying Fortress wrote Studebaker quoting him as saying:

"Those Wright Cyclone engines that Studebaker builds are really dependable and sure have the power."

Comments such as that are fully appreciated, of course.

But Studebaker men and women know that what count most in assuring victory are the accomplishments of the stout-hearted air crews and rugged ground crews of our country's warplanes and the achievements of our fighting forces everywhere.

In fact, whatever amount of satisfaction the Studebaker organization may derive from the extent and consequence of its war work is always tempered by the realization that Studebaker is only one unit in a vast American fighting and producing team where everyone's effort is important.

Studebaker takes pride in its assignments on that team. That's why huge quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—big multiple-drive military trucks for the United Nations—and other units of vital war matériel continue to stream forth from the five great Studebaker factories.

Awarded to Aviation Division



of The Studebaker Corporation



Unsung Hero of our Navy

Aerial radio gunner in a Navy dive bomber! One of the toughest jobs of all! Let's show him we're for him and

★ BUY MORE BONDS ★

Studebaker *BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

Locked Up in Prison,
Where a Misguided
Maiden Had Helped to
Guide Him, Ivor Still
Wasn't Safe From His
Feminine Fans.

Ivor the Beloved Bedeviled Idol

It's Actor Novello's Enduring
Charm That Makes Women
Happy. But Brings Him Only
Misery, Even When the
Ladies Follow Him to the
Click for Picket Duty.

Miss Novello's name as a good luck
charm, both for herself and her prom-
ising offspring.

Soon afterwards they began to rise
in the world, mama as the leader of a
Welsh choir, her son as the composer
of that popular last-war ditty, "Keep
the Home Fires Burning."

But, though worldly success tasted
wonderful to mama, it seemed tainted
to Ivor. For with it came the
prototypes of Miss Dora Con-
stable and the lady picketers.

Adoring feminine fans
mobbed him wherever he
went; they clipped locks of
his wavy hair; they jerked the
buttons off his jacket. To re-
duce his mounting tailor bills,
he took to having his jacket
buttons wired on.

Twice he was reported
on the verge of marriage,
once to Constance Col-
lier, again to Gladys
Cooper — English
actresses both — but his
fear of women blighted
each romance.

Hollywood paid him a
million dollars to go over
there and he went, hop-
ing for he-man roles.
The closest he got to his
wish was writing the
script of Tarzan of the
Apes; when it came to
acting, he still had to
play the great lover, the
music master.

A knighthood might have com-
pensated him for his unhappy lot, and
he thought he deserved one.

But he never got it. Instead, the
equivalent went to his ambitious
mama. Despite the fact that she had
incurred the displeasure of Queen
Mary by enthusiastically kicking off
her shoes during the royal command
performance of her choir, she was
made a Dame of the British Empire.

Curiously enough, Noel Coward, her
son's chief counterpart and rival —
their careers have paralleled each
other throughout — was also disap-
pointed in his hopes of a title.

Each successive blow made Ivor
suspect that, in ridiculing the music
hall singer and stealing her name, he
had laid himself open to a curse.

Some powerful feminine deity —
Diana, perhaps — was obviously mak-
ing him pay for his presumption.

This suspicion became a certainty,
while he was keeping the home fires
burning in Wormwood Scrubbs.

WE DEMAND
RELEASE
OF
IVOR
TURN
IVOR
LOOSE

TO THE embarrassment of the
guards, a horde of lovestruck maid-
ens recently picketed England's
gloomy Wormwood Scrubbs prison.
When the warden, a sensitive fellow,
tried to shoo them away, they gazed
at him reproachfully and chanted in
unison: "We want Ivor!"

"Ivor?" asked the warden, who
thinks of his jail's inmates in terms
of numbers rather than names.
"Ivor Novello!" cried a veiled,
fashionably dressed picketer. "You
brutes have got him inside there. He
may die of pneumonia, the sweet!"

The warden tried to convince her
that it wasn't cricket to picket a
prison, but this got him nowhere, so
he went off to brood.

However, the really big brooding
in this case was done, not in the
warden's office, but in Ivor's cell.

Now 50 years old, glamorous Ivor
is still England's greatest matinee
idol, as well as one of her favorite
song writers and dramatists. His
charm, as irresistible as — and even
more durable than — the late John
Barrymore's, had aroused the demon-
stration outside prison walls and
accounted for his being inside.

A woman had precipitated his
downfall. Now she and others like
her were weeping over him. And for
33 years it had been like that:
women were at once his curse and
his blessing.

Until a few weeks ago he had been
minding his own business, acting in
his own play, "The Dancing Years."
He didn't like the play especially, nor
his part. He liked rough roles, but
women insisted that he play a great
lover or a dancing master.

So, to placate them, he wrote this
play — about a dancing master. That
was back in 1939. Then the world

went to war, London was
blitzed, every-
thing changed — everything
but "The Dancing
Years." That kept right
on playing.

Women wouldn't let
Ivor quit the
cast. The only
way he could
escape their odious attentions at all
was to hop into his sleek, expensive
automobile and take an occasional
day off at his lavish country estate,
Red Roofs, near Maidenhead.

Then the wartime gasoline restric-
tions cut off that avenue of escape.

At this point, a silly girl he had
never seen before in his life burst
into his dressing room, fell at his feet
and began to babble about how much
she adored him. Hoping to dampen
her ardor, he recited some of his
grievances against her sex — including
the problem of his idle car.

To his amazement she re-
plied that she could easily get
him extra gasoline. Her name
was Dora Constable, she said.
Royally accepting this unex-
pected offer of aid, Ivor for a
few weeks knew again the
peace and solitude of Red
Roofs. Then came the crash.

He was haled into a court-
room, packed with walling
women. Placed in the dock,
he listened incredulously while
the judge sentenced him to
four weeks in Wormwood
Scrubbs as a common gas
cheater.

The more he thought about
this humiliating episode, the

more insistently
his thoughts were
drawn back to
another episode
of his remoter
past. He was in
his late teens then, and still very
much under the thumb of his am-
bitious Welsh mama, who was a vaude-
ville trouper.

To while away the monotony of
life in the humble theatrical boarding
house, where they were living at the
time, Ivor would give malicious imita-
tions of the other guests. His prize
take-off was of a lush music hall
singer, named Miss Novello.

Impressed by the way this bit of
mimicry panicked their friends,
superstitious Mama appropriated

Ivor Novello and
(Left) His Mama,
Who Won the
Honors He Sighed
For in Vain.



Red Roofs, the Middle-Aged Matinee Idol's Country Retreat, Where He Was
Hoping to Escape From Women When the Police Detoured Him to Jail.



When you've done your bit for Uncle Sam...



* IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

This richer, finer coffee brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor in every cup!

● These golden summer days, millions of Americans working for victory find a refreshing lift in Maxwell House Coffee. These are the days, too, when a warm welcome greets the frosty glass of iced coffee. But hot or iced, Maxwell House remains the coffee that is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand in the world.

Why has Maxwell House so many friends? We think it is because the traditional skill

and care which go into its making bring you extra flavor satisfaction. In Maxwell House, choice Latin-American coffees are blended to produce one finer coffee . . . "Radiant Roasting" develops its full flavor, full strength . . . and whether it comes to you in jar or bag, it's always the same superb blend.

No pains are spared from bean to cup to make Maxwell House deserve the popularity it enjoys as America's preferred coffee.



SAVE THE CROPS—SAVE THE DAYS! The land army urgently needs you now. Help pick the crops part time, spare time, any time. Experience is unnecessary. You can register at the farm unit of your local U. S. Employment Service.

Good to the Last Drop!

♪ IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE ICED COFFEE TIME ON THE AIR, TOO . . . NEW SUMMER SHOW . . . CBS, FRIDAY NIGHT ♪



Capt.
Levi J.
Plesner,
Former
King of
Huahelne.

Odyssey of the Cannibals' White King

by
WILLIAM SEABROOK

EVERY little while some whiskered sailor kicks in with a tall tale that he was crowned king of a cannibal island and married its beautiful queen, all embellished with dancing girls, monkeys, coconuts, and hokum. It's a familiar chestnut and "Oh, yeah?" usually is the answer. But here's the McCoy, certified by a recent amazing, official bulletin from the Nation's War Shipping Administration.

"...Burial at sea of Merchant Marine Capt. Levi J. Plesner, of New Orleans, heroic figure of World War II, who was for two years king of a cannibal island in the South Seas."

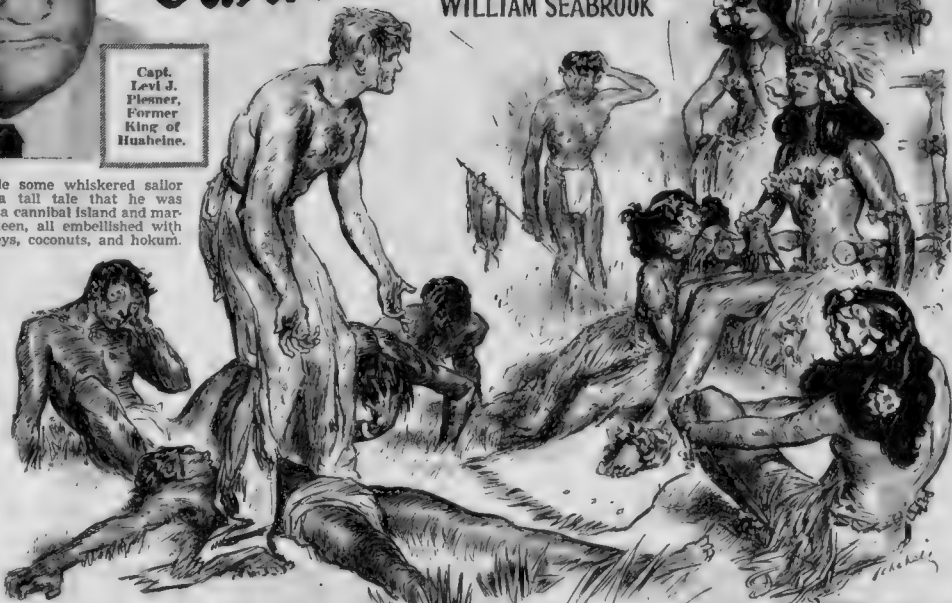
Official records show that Plesner's kingdom was Huahelne, a tropical paradise in the Society Islands, that he wooed and won its lovely Queen Vahine Veatua by prodigies of valor, and was crowned King Teri I, after exploits like those of legendary heroes.

Official bulletins don't fiddle with fancies, but if old Greek Homer could return, he'd tune his lyre to twang the Plesner epic. Homer's heroes were merchant marines of their day who similarly fell for island queens. Jason married Medea. Ulysses tangled with Circe. Both men excelled as Plesner did in trials of strength. Here is Plesner's unsung odyssey.

As a boy he went to the naval academy in Denmark, but ran away adventuring on the seven seas, and in 1912 his ship touched at the palm-fringed island of Huahelne. Its natives were ritually cannibalistic, but friendly, light bronze people.

Their queen was a young widow. She and Plesner fell in love. He asked her hand in marriage, but other suitors, native princes, insisted the choice be by ordeal and combat.

The first ordeal was swimming



Young Plesner Stepped Over the Bodies of the Bruised and Beaten Suitors and Claimed His Throne—the Queen's Hand and a Seat Beside Her on the Royal Throne.

under water. He and the rival princes plunged. The latter came up, their lungs nearly bursting, after nearly 50 yards. Plesner broke water beyond them.

Then, one by one, he fought the native princes. Weapons were barred. They used jujitsu, but he knocked them all out with his fists.

So he and Vahine were married with royal rites and feasting. But in two years an epidemic came and his young queen died. In a private letter he said, "Something died within me, too. I took off my crown, put on my sailor's cap and sailed away."

But what hadn't died in him was courage. A naturalized American, he fought in World War I, and joined the Merchant Marine in World War II. As chief officer of the SS Prusa, torpedoed in the Pacific, he saved half his crew. Later, when the SS John Hancock was torpedoed, he got the entire crew off in lifeboats, then dived as the boiler exploded, was

picked up, surviving the disaster. Now dead at last, he is mourned by a second wife, two children and all who knew him.

His only modern prototype is the famous "White King of La Gonave," Marine Corps Sergeant Faustin Wirkus, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., whom I visited in the Caribbean in 1927. The superstitious Queen Ti Meminne had crowned him King of Gonave when our Navy and Marines occupied Haiti to stop its bloody revolutions.

Meminne and her witch doctors believed he was a reincarnation sent by their god Damballah. With tomtoms booming, he was crowned King Faustin II.

It embarrassed Wirkus plenty, and our astonished generals even more. They'd come down there to dethrone voodoo kings, not to see new ones crowned. Yet High Commissioner General Russell let it ride.

Wirkus proved a wonder in his dual capacity, but balked at marrying the queen. She was an ardent widow like Vahine, but she was built like a hoghead, was arrogant, oldish and ruled as a real tyrant.

I flew over to Gonave where he'd built a landing field, and gave his story to the world. He growled and grinned like a devil dog when proposals of marriage came from romantic girls in the states.

The original first white "monarch" of a tropical island was Alexander Selkirk, Scotch 17th century

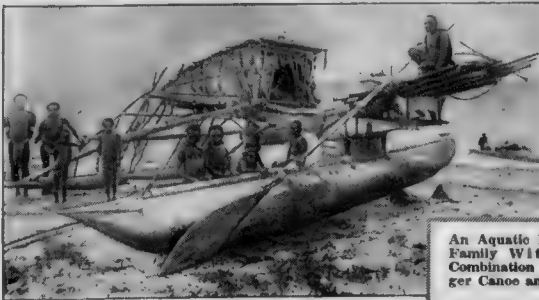


J. Lions Photo

Their Usual Weapons Were Barred When Queen Vahine Veatua's Suitors Met Plesner in the Ordeal by Combat.

sailor, on whose adventures Defoe based Robinson Crusoe. Since then, many lads have dreamed that dream.

So, right now, some millions of American youths are scattered on the globe, and, if history repeats, we may hear of another Plesner or Wirkus crowned amid savage splendor.



An Aquidlo Huahelne Family With Their Combination Outrigger Canoe and House.

Frigidaire here tells you **HOW TO COOK A MEAL** **IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR**



Here are some tricks to help you prepare wartime meals that are as cool to make as they are to eat. For whether it's a full course dinner or a one dish meal, your refrigerator can help you keep cool even when the mercury soars.

A Whole Meal in One Dish! Pictured below is a Tomato Aspic Ring that tastes as good as it looks. The center is filled with chicken salad. It's garnished with crisp, curly endive and deviled eggs. Prepare your Aspic Ring in advance. Keep it in the mold in your refrigerator. Even the eggs may be cooked the day before, shelled, then chilled. Save the recipe in the last column.

Making a Hot Soup Cool as a Cucumber—Don't freeze jellied consommé! Chill it quickly in your refrigerator. (If you're using bouillon cubes, of course you should add gelatin for thickening.)

The Secret of a Crisp Salad lies in chilling the ingredients before they're mixed. Keep in your refrigerator until just before serving. Never add the dressing until your salad is ready to go on the table. Be sure to read the many other helpful hints in Frigidaire's new booklet, "101 Refrigerator Helps."

Ice Cream for Dessert! Buy your favorite ice cream when available. Keep it in the freezing compartment until time to serve. Store in container or ice tray covered with waxed paper. Turn temperature control to colder position. Keep it frozen.

When You Make Iced Tea, never add the ice cubes until the last minute or you'll dilute the strength, lose some of the appetizing aroma. Incidentally, don't cool tea in advance, for it sometimes develops a cloudy appearance.

Grand-Tasting Tomato Aspic Ring (8-10 servings)

3½ cups stewed tomatoes	1 tsp. sugar
1 cup, chopped onion	½ tsp. salt
1 stalk celery with leaves, (½ cup)	2 sheets gelatin, dissolved in
3 cloves	½ cup cold water
	3 tbsps. lemon juice

Combine tomatoes and seasoning and cook. Use high heat to bring to boiling point. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Add gelatin. Strain, and add enough water to make 3½ cups. Add three tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into ring mold. Place in refrigerator to chill.

Unmold on platter, using crisp endive. Fill center with chicken salad. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

Prepare dozen (24 halves) deviled eggs, chill thoroughly, add dash of paprika and sprig of parsley to each. Tuck deviled eggs in and around sprigs of endive.

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The

New Comet and the Nervous Nazis



A Great Comet, Later Identified As Halley's, Blazing in the Sky In A. D. 431 Signalled the Defeat of Attila's Fierce Mongol Horde That Had Swept Over Europe and Asia in a Devastating Blitz.

A Face of Doom and a Flaming Sword Appeared in the Wake of a Runaway Comet in 1328.



By IRMIS JOHNSON

NOBODY knows exactly what goes on inside Germany these days, but it is a matter of record that Herr Goebbels recently had to muster his scientific stooges to the microphone with a warning that the German people shouldn't let cold chills run up and down their spines just because a new comet had been seen in the sky.

This suggests that the most primitive type of jitters—fear of the supernatural—was threatening to take hold of the whole Nazi "super race." The age-old superstition that a comet heralds tragedy and doom seems to have been revived sufficiently to alarm the government.

Nazi astronomers tried to avert mass hysteria by cooling over the radio. "These phenomena have a rational explanation; only the ignorant believe they foretell defeat. This does not mean catastrophe for our nation."

But apparently the people weren't reassured; nor their widespread fear that the war was about to be lost dispelled. So a few days later Nazi leaders, by ukase, wiped the word "catastrophe" from the vocabulary entirely—probably hoping thereby to erase it from the popular mind.

That the once-scientific German people should have reverted to primitive credulity of "signs in the sky" in these hapless times isn't surpris-

ing. Adolf Hitler, himself a believer in witchcraft who takes his orders from the stars—probably is the main cause of this backward step.

But, according to psychologists, the Master Race that once arrogantly dreamed of putting the rest of the world under a tyrant's yoke seems to be wearing through the veneer of civilization.

In fact, one could picture Hitler sitting in his Berchtesgaden retreat wondering why the heavens, to which he always has turned, have let him down.

Finland's famous star-gazing Professor Y. Vaisala is the discoverer of the new comet that so upset the Nazis, but since his announcement two slightly brighter ones have been seen by astronomers in South Africa.

Perhaps news of these will be banned entirely from Germany.

There is no reason to suspect that the Finnish astronomer made his timely, terrorizing announcement for anything but scientific purposes and in a perfectly routine manner, but by throwing a scare into the Nazis he may have accidentally contributed more to the final success of the Allied cause than to astronomy.

Although science has proved comets harmless wanderers through the firmament—with no particular effect on war, and his puny affairs—wars, crime waves, and especially the defeat and doom of aggressor nations,

all have been blamed on these strange gaseous heavenly bodies.

Many men of the past—even among the great though perhaps not the intelligent—allegedly committed suicide rather than live through the dire calamities such stellar phenomena seemed bound to bring.

Comets were a major worry of the Hitler regime back in 1939, too, when the war first started. Then eight or ten such heavenly bodies appeared to telescopic eyes, making 1939 one of the most prolific comet years of modern times.

Astrologers were questioned then about the fighting chances of Germany. Had Hitler chosen the worst possible year to start his world war?

Now the Valsala discovery is just one of the proverbial last straws. The African comets suggest that 1944 may be running up a record to match 1939.

Das Herrenvolk no doubt still remembers tales of how a comet was in the sky back in 451 when Attila, the Hun, was defeated by Aetius and Theodoric. Experts tell us now that this was the famous Halley's comet, known to appear once every 76 years and last seen in 1910.

A good many centuries later an-

other great German, Charles the Fifth, was so fear-ridden by the appearance of the same comet, in 1556, that he gave up his entire empire and retired to a monastery.

In 1528, it is alleged, a comet that appeared to be a flaming sword actually frightened many Parisians to death.

When Charlemagne, renowned king of the Franks whose great conquests resulted in the founding of the Holy Roman Empire, was at the height of his power, it has been recorded that a comet shaped like a torch shone in the sky. The Emperor expressed his conviction that he was about to die, although he was in his customary good health.

At once he divided the Frankish Kingdom among his successors, took to his bed and waited for death.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that Hitler or any of his immediate underlings will interpret the present sign in a similar fortuitous manner—and act accordingly.

Faith in comets, or fear of them, experts explain, is a direct outgrowth of primitive ignorance; a belief that all Nature is animated with spirits that control man. Early man, it seems, imagined most of these were malign beings who delighted in bringing nothing but misfortune. This accounts for the feeling of impending doom which the credulous in Germany today are attaching to the comet so far away that only the largest telescopes can find it.

Experts agree that the stress of great fear caused by the present mysterious heavenly body could create great upheaval in Germany—but only by acting indirectly on men's minds.

Hitler and His Jittery Henchmen at Last Seem to Have Found the Wrong Answer in the Heavens.





HOMESTEADS, HELL AND HISTORY

A Famous Old Pioneer's Saga of How the Boomer Horde Plowed the Way for Law and Living in the Great Southwest Wilderness—the Hard Way

By COL. H. EDWIN MOOTZ
Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor, Indian Scout
and Deputy U. S. Marshal

CHAPTER II

THE first of the big land rushes that built up an empire in the Southwest was all set to start with the spring of 1889.

The tide of settlers was mounting along the borders of the Indian Territory. The homesteaders were pouring in so fast that bloodshed threatened.

On March 1, Congress ratified an agreement with the Indians which allotted nearly 2,000,000 acres for homesteading. The noon of April 22 was the time set for the opening.

The Boomers were ready. They were herded on all borders of the Territory by the thousands from every part of the nation.

We had all kinds of people in that waiting horde. One Boomer pulled in with the following printed on his covered wagon:

"Gintz, legged in Illinois, skinned in New-
brasky, whitescapped in Injanny, ball-nobbed in
Missoury, prohibited in Kansas, Oklahomy or
lust."

But with the homesteaders came a pack of
frock-coated gamblers and dancehall gals, swarm-
ing like flies at a school picnic. And the bad lands
of the Territory added its share of outlaws.

That border country saw some wild days and
nights. The roulette wheels never stopped turning.
Far and poker games ran day and night, and you
were never out of earshot of a banging piano or
the high-pitched voices of the dancehall girls.

A couple of weeks before the opening Bill Doolin
and his gang of rustlers rode into Caldwell and
advised a broncho-busting show.
But you can bet that bunch didn't add anything
to peace and order. Besides Doolin, the band in-
cluded Osage Jack, Texas Dave, Cherokee Kid,
Ponca Joe, Broncho Casey, Bill Powers, Dick Broad-
well and Charlie Bryant.

Bill Tilghman, then a U. S. marshal, was keep-
ing an eye on them.

The scene at the opening on April 22 was some-
thing I've never forgotten. Long before daylight
the home-hunters were milling like cattle.

An hour after dawn the tented cities along the
boundary had vanished. Shelters were rolled and

packed, as the crowd
waited for the sound of
the starting gun.

Most of us were mak-
ing the run on horseback.
And you never saw such
mounts, everything from
mules to race horses,
some saddled, some to be
ridden bareback.

Rickety buggies, buck-
boards, prairie schooners
and racing sulkies were
all in that curious line.

Trains from Arkansas
City were backed up as
far as you could see.
Every one of them was bulging with homesteaders.

Not all who made the run were men, either.
There were a lot of stout-hearted women there.

Half an hour before noon an army signal officer
rode to a hilltop where he could be seen for miles.
He had a bugle in one hand and a flag in the other.

At last the moment came. A clear note came
from the bugle. The flag fell. Rifle shots rang
out, sounding the signal to those farther away.

There was a roar from the lurching cavalcade.
Train whistles were pulled wide open. The start
was a stampede. Horses fell, riders were thrown,
wagons collided and buggies spilled their passengers.

A woman and her son started out in a buck-
board. The team ran away, as many of them did.
The outfit struck a ravine, the mother was bounced
to the ground. She put up her claim stake there.

THEN the day came when they struck oil in Okla-
homa. That rickety quarter section was right
in the middle of a big field. She was rich overnight.

A man on one of the trains couldn't wait until
the special reached the townsite of Guthrie.

"Here's the spot for me," he said, as the train
speeded through a fine section. "I'm jumpin' off."

And off he bounced in the dust while others on
the train cheered his display of foolhardiness.

One woman rode into the new land on the pilot
of an engine. When she saw a tract she liked she
gave a signal. The train slowed; she jumped off.

More than 50,000 people poured into that new
land within a few hours, settling a state within a

DRINKING
WATER
5¢



Water Was So Scarce in Oklahoma
City That a Gambler Stood Over a
Well and Sold the Precious Fluid for
Five Cents a Cup.

day. Before the
sun had set most
of them had
staked claims. And
a lot staked out
the same ones.

Oh, yes, there
were land offices where you had to file your claims,
but with thousands milling around there was no
way to keep a half dozen Boomers from claiming
the same piece of land.

A lot of settlers jumped the gun and slipped into
the Territory ahead of the starting time. They
were the ones we called Sooners.

The soldiers chased a few of them out, but they
couldn't get them all. After the opening signal was
given, the Sooners began popping up like prairie
dogs all over the Territory.

You can guess that lots of fighting started when
the fellows arrived who really made the run from
the border. Some of the rows were settled with
fists, others with six-shooters, and the rest in court.

The biggest crowds gathered at townsites, like
Oklahoma City, Guthrie and Kingfisher.

On the night before the run there were only
seven houses at Guthrie, mostly Government build-
ings. But 20 minutes after noon on April 22, tents
bobbed up like wild flowers and men were laying
out streets and marking off lots.

Before night, Guthrie had grown into a city of
nearly 20,000. Another 10,000 were camping on
their claims at Oklahoma City.

Water was scarce in Oklahoma City and there
was only one good well to supply the newcomers.
A gambler named Cole saw a chance to clean up,
so he took possession, hired a man to pump and
started selling water at five cents a tin cupful.

He took the nickels with one hand and held a
gun in the other. Well, that was a smart skin
game but it didn't last long with that crowd.

A mob moved in with a rope. Eyes were fixed
on a nearby tree. The soldiers dashed up in time
to save Cole's life and put a guard on the well to
see everybody got a bucketful free.

I made the run from the Kansas side with my
father, Pawnee Bill and Captain Couth. We had
fast horses and my father was the first to stop and
claim his homestead on a good quarter section.
Pawnee Bill and I pulled up. Eyes were fixed
on a nearby tree. The soldiers dashed up in time
to save Cole's life and put a guard on the well to
see everybody got a bucketful free.

That night the hills around Guthrie looked like
an army camp. Everybody was dog-tired and try-
ing to sleep. But a fellow known as Joe gave us
all something to laugh about that night. About
dark, Joe discovered he had lost his mule. With a
friend he started out to look for it.

About midnight the friend found the mule, but
he had lost Joe. He let out a yell that woke up the
camp.

"Ho, Joe, here's yur mule!"

Well, at first it made everybody mad. Then it



Guthrie, Okla., the Day After
the Territory Was Opened.
Many of the Tents at the
Left Belonged to "Sooners"
Who Had Beaten the Gun.
Litigation Was Required to
Dislodge Them.



At Last the Moment Came; a Flag Waved From a Hilltop, Rifle Shots Carried the Signal to the Waiting Boomers and the Greatest Land Grab in History Was On. The Start Was a Stampede: Horses Fell, Riders Were Thrown, Wagons Collided and Buggies Spilled Out Passengers. (From the Painting by Robert W. Lindneux.)

struck them all as funny and thousands took up the cry: "Ho, Joe, here's yur mule!"

I don't know to this day whether Joe ever caught up with his mule. But for a long time after, all you had to do in Guthrie was to sing out: "Ho, Joe!" and you'd get an answering call: "Here's yur mule!"

I had made plans to open up a paper in Guthrie. I guess I was a half-Sooner. I had been in, a couple of weeks before the opening, with an old Washington hand press and a couple of cases of type. I hid them on the Cottonwood River near the townsite.

I made the run, all right, but, of course, it was just an accident that the lot I staked happened to be near my printing outfit.

The afternoon of the opening I hunted up my yards and helpers, Ed Baldrige, Will Reed and John Colobie. We pitched our tent, set up our press and type cases and before dark had printed the first issue of *The Daily Optic*, first in the new country.

About every other kind of an establishment was running by that night, too. Saloons were opened, and gambling houses went into instant operation. One of them, the Magnolia, pitched its big tent right alongside of mine and that led to a shooting scrape. I'm still carrying the .44 slug I caught there.

As soon as I found out the gamblers were going into business next door, I started to investigate. The first one I bumped into was a familiar figure, Blitter Creek Newcomb. From him I learned that Wild Bob Keene was the boss gambler in town.

It took me back to my shooting scrape with Wild Bob in Wichita. I was with Captain Jack Crawford and Pawnee Bill when a bunch of renegades from the Territory rode in town. With them was this same Wild Bob.

We were standing outside the Palace, a gambling hall, when Wild Bob made an insulting remark about a girl I was sweet on.

I was pretty handy with my fists in those days, with enough scrap in me to be given the title Fightin' Bud. Wild Bob's insult riled me and I took a swing and hit him right between the eyes.

He reached for his guns, but I laid a hefty punch on his chin that knocked him down. Before he could get up I jerked his pistols from him.

With no six-shooters to grab, the fight was out of Wild Bob and I gave him a good going over.

But Wild Bob threatened to shoot it out the next time we met.

The morning after the fist-fight I looked over my six-shooters and started out. Wild Bob's pals lined the sidewalk to see the finish.

Temple Houston, Captain Jack and Bill Tilghman were on hand, too, to see that it was a fair fight. Bill Tilghman gave me a little advice.

"Don't let him rush you, Bud," he said. "He's fast on the draw. Keep your eye on his arm. When it moves, go for your gun. Shoot steady."

I had walked a block or two with my friends when Wild Bob popped out of the Buckhorn Saloon a half block ahead. He started walking toward me, his hands swinging loosely. The crowds fell back. My eyes were on his arms. Suddenly his hands flashed to his pistol grips. My guns blazed.

A bullet whistled past my neck. Wild Bob had

shot a trifle high. My bullet hit him in the shoulder.

That finished the gun-fighter's code for that round, but I knew that there would be more trouble as soon as I found out Wild Bob was in Guthrie.

When I left my canvas printshop that evening I spotted Wild Bob in front of his gambling tent.

His hands dropped to his guns, but I was ready. Our guns blazed at the same instant. But this time I guess I got a little the worst of it. His bullet ploughed into my hip. I grazed his chest. Our feud died with that duel!

MY fight with Wild Bob wasn't the last time I had to dodge lead in those Oklahoma days. I went after the outlaws and renegades in my paper. They used to shoot holes through my office.

Yes, sir, just managing to stay alive was a full-time job in those days.

Before the territory was opened it had been a safe harbor for bad men from all sections, the last untamed frontier.

That was the time when the Dalton and Doolin gangs were running wild, when old-time marshals like Colonel Ed Nix, Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, Chris Madsen and Bud Ledbetter wrote their names in history with blazing guns.

I held a commission as the first deputy marshal, appointed by Colonel Nix, and saw a good share of man-hunting before the Territory settled down.

Next week Col. Mootz will tell some of the escapades of the Doolin gang, the Wild Bunch, and women outlaws.



Oklahoma City's First Post Office, Built in 1889, Immediately After the Great Land Rush.

MERMAIDS in ARMOR



DEEP-SEA diving was considered a he-man's job until several pretty girls in Port Arthur, Tex., slipped their shapely forms into bulky diving suits, plunged into fathoms of water and proved to the world that they, too, could do it.

It didn't take these damsels long to learn the ropes of this tough profession. Instructed by Eddie Goings, an internationally known diver who only recently helped to raise the Normandie, and assisted by another diving authority, Douglas Chadwell, the girls, after several lessons, were qualified to receive their diplomas from the Port Arthur College.

Now they are on their own, ready to thread through slime and bilgewater in search for sunken treasures. Millions of dollars in gold and jewels lie buried in the sea which these adventurous mermaids soon may help to recover.

The classroom lessons weren't so hard, the girls say. They were taught how to put on the diving suit, to fasten the breastplates, to bolt them down, to screw the heavy helmet into place. They were told about the jerks—not the ordinary garden variety they meet on the street corners but jerks on the life line to signal the crew above.

The toughest lesson, they insist, was the first actual dive. Being accustomed to only a few ounces of clothing, the girls felt like they were being buried alive when they were being rigged in 200 pounds of rubber and metal and lowered into the water. Each sole of their boots contained 16 pounds of lead, and each helmet weighed 63 pounds. The girls thought they'd never come up again.

But they did come up with all their fears gone. The mermaids of the beaches have passed the rigorous test and become full-fledged "goldiggers of the deep," ready to go off to the seven seas.

Professor Eddie Goings With His Class of Venturesome Mermaids Who Are Helping Out the Manpower Shortage by Becoming Deep-Sea Divers at Port Arthur College.



All Rigged Up to Go Below—a Student Diver, Melva Frederiek, Goes Over the Signals with Her Classmates.

Getting Accustomed to Their 16-Pound Boots.



Over the Side—the Armored Mermaid Waits to Have the Heavy Copper Helmet Adjusted for Her First Trip Down Under. And Left—Graduating Class of Women Divers Who Will Be Used Mostly for Salvage Work, But After the War Many Expect to Hunt for Treasure Along the Ocean Floor.

In Tomato Juice LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

IT'S TWICE-RICH Tomato Juice when the can you get is marked Libby's. Rich flavor . . . full, ripe, fresh-from-the-vine goodness. And rich in vitamins, too!

It's Libby speed and Libby care that assure this perfection. Our experts have devoted years to studying the delicate job of

protecting fresh tomato flavor and the precious tomato vitamins. That's why our sparkling juice is rich in Vitamins A and C . . . a ready source of Vitamins B₁ and B₂!

Military needs for this quality tomato juice are so great that your dealer may not always have Libby's. When he does, be sure to get this healthful refreshment for the whole family. Otherwise take Libby's pure,

sparkling Pineapple Juice or any other one of the famous Libby Family of Juices.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

Listen to "MY TRUE STORY!" Thrilling real-life dramas, every morning, Mon. thru Fri. 10:15 EWT, 9:15 CWT, 11:30 MWT, 10:30 PWT. Blue Network Stations.



WHERE FOODS GROW FINEST—THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

Succor for Sneezers

THERE'LL be rest for weary sneezers this summer—at least for many of those unfortunates who ordinarily spend the season 'kerchooling or sniffing while everybody else is having fun.

For, after ten years of experimenting, doctors have come up with a chemical treatment for hay fever that is promised to provide relief for nine out of ten victims.

It's called the cupric sulfate and colloidal silver treatment, and was worked out by research physicians in the medical schools of Emory, Tulane and Arkansas Universities. The studies were conducted privately to make certain that there was no deleterious reaction.

Now physicians consider the prescription safe, having observed cases where the remedy has been effective for several years. Dr. Edward E. Edmundson, of Juannah, Texas, who reports the tests, has just explained the treatments fully.

Hay fever sufferers are treated with the chemicals in three ways: (1) by tampons in the nose; (2) by swabbing the throat; and (3) by weak drops in the eyes.

Swollen, tender nasal passages that cause the sneezing and sniffles are quickly reduced in size and stop their discharge of the chemical histamine—the real villain of hay fever torture.

Histamine is normally present in the body in tiny amounts, but during attacks of hay fever it is produced abundantly in the nasal discharge. It is most commonly found inside the blisters of cold sores.

Reporting in the Texas State Journal of Medicine, Dr. Edmundson says that insertion of the tampons in the nose for the hay fever treatment must be done by a physician.

These tampons, when saturated with the cupric sulfate and colloidal silver solution, immediately produce a profuse nasal discharge, sneezing, and in some cases crying. For a few

minutes the victim thinks his affliction has been intensified.

But the copious discharge is just what the doctor ordered, for it quickly rids the swollen nasal tissues of their histamine, and until this chemical hay fever devil is removed, there can be no relief.

After two or three treatments the patient finds the discharge diminishing. Eventually it stops. When it does, the nasal tissues have returned to their normal size and appearance.

For hay fever sufferers who find themselves crying all the time, relief can be promised in two weeks by dropping a very weak solution of the chemicals under the lower lid. The lid is pulled out into a pouch shape and the solution then spreads over the entire eye surface.

The throat, too, is swabbed with a germ killing solution which cleanses the post nasal areas.

In many cases victims find the



Hay Fever's Tortures Are Now Being Overcome by a Solution of Cupric Sulfate and Colloidal Silver Dropped in the Eyes, Swabbed on the Throat and Inserted on Tampons in the Nostrils, Which Counteracts Histamine Poison Given Off When Pollen Attacks the Delicate Membranes of the Nose and Throat.

"sledge hammer" doses of vitamin C.

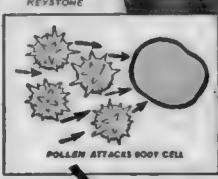
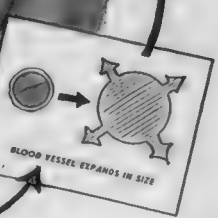
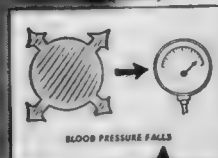
Seeking a way to destroy histamine in the body in cases of allergy—hay fever or food allergy—Professor Holmes had the happy inspiration to see if the chemical would not be oxidized by vitamin C.

In the quiet of his laboratory, Professor Holmes mixed histamine with vitamin C. Nothing happened.

Then he applied more oxygen to the reaction, for he knew that oxygen was needed in the oxidation he hoped to achieve. Still nothing happened.

Many men might have been discouraged at this failure. But not Professor Holmes. He systematically varied the oxygen concentration and at last found just a narrow range in which vitamin C would destroy histamine, as he had hoped.

Professor Holmes next tried the treatment on his friends among scientists and physicians, and he found that he could aid cases of hay fever. At the same time he could rid them of many of their food allergies— allergies to chocolate, potatoes, wheat flour, milk, bananas, cheese, eggs and other common foods.



treatment greatly increases their sense of smell which was practically non-existent in the summer hay fever season.

The treatment works best on new cases and should be especially valuable for patients who find they have hay fever for the first time this year. But it also works on cases of long standing, although more slowly.

Still more re-enforcements come to the aid of hay fever victims this year. Chemists of Lederle Laboratories have announced a simplified pollen-testing preparation.

While ragweed and goldenrod cause hay fever in many sufferers, other plant and weed pollens can also produce the allergy.

To be truly sure just what plant causes their hay fever, some victims have to take scores of so-called "patch" tests to find out just what pollen affects them. With the new Lederle development the number of such tests has been reduced to a maximum of four.

Depending on whether the hay fever victims live east or west of the Mississippi River, doctors can apply different varieties of the new diagnostic method and find out the weed that causes the trouble. The method works for 90 per cent of all patients.

Finally, Professor Harry Holmes, of Oberlin College and a former president of the American Chemical Society, announces relief from the chemical, histamine, by the use of massive



Photo R. E. NeSmith.
Goldenrod Looks Glorious Except to Those Unfortunates Allergic to Its Treacherous Pollen.



Arms
Thousands Sniff, Sneeze and Cry Each Summer When Ragweed's Pollen Fills the Air.



There and then . . . the assembly line was born

EARLY in 1913, Henry Ford had his technicians try a new production idea which had come to him as he observed a watch factory in operation. The idea was this: instead of having a single group of men make the entire assembly on each flywheel magneto, the unit was to be moved from one worker to another. The experiment resulted in a 50% saving in time! "Why not apply this idea to the whole chassis?" Mr. Ford next suggested. "We'll test it during the summer." So now, along elevated greased rails, each chassis was being pushed by hand as workers added the various parts in sequence. *There and then, the assembly line was born!*

A chain-driven line was soon after put into

operation. Under the new system, the 14 hours formerly required for a single chassis assembly were cut to 1 hour and 33 minutes.

Before 1913 was over, more than 100,000 Ford cars had been built. All records for the mass production of automobiles had been broken.

Remarkable as this achievement was, it meant more than just a saving in production time. It meant more than creating new methods for industry everywhere. To Mr. Ford and his associates, this was another step in their endeavor to make life easier for millions.

From the first, the assembly line technique of production eased working conditions. Along with other modern advances, it helped to increase the life span of workers. At Ford, it soon

made possible the inauguration of the 8-hour day. And with unskilled labor in many places earning as little as \$1 a day, Ford basic pay was raised to \$5.

The assembly line also brought price reductions on Ford cars. This placed the pleasure and convenience of the motor car within the reach of more people than ever. This policy of sharing production savings with the buying public has remained fundamental with Ford.

Today, in the creation of equipment that is vital to victory, Ford men continue their search for new ideas . . . for better ways of doing things. And what they are learning now, you are certain to find reflected in the improved Ford transportation of tomorrow.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY 

"I Warn You, I'll Pull the Trigger!" Phyllis Cried.
Lewis Laughed Indulgently—"Go Ahead.
I Know You're Bluffing."



Phyllis Loved and Used a Gun Too Well

The Impatient Child Bride Tried to Rush Her Reluctant Sweetheart Into Bigamy With a Blank Cartridge, But an Unexpected Bullet Turned Her Dramatic Scene into a Real Tragedy

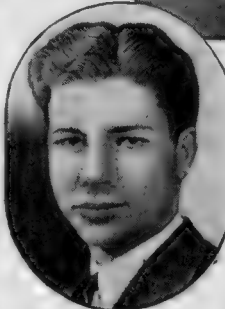
By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

YOUNGSTERS in a hurry to explore life will play with matches, kitchen knives and loaded guns—and teen-age Phyllis Marie Junghans, Washington government worker, in a hurry to be a full-fledged woman, played with marriage, deceit, facial surgery and, of all things, her own version of "Russian poker." The consequences are that Lewis R. Hindle, 21, good-looking and in love with her, is dead, while Phyllis is indicted on a charge of murdering him.

"Russian poker" was played by Czarist officers in drunken dare-devil tests of nerve. A six-chambered revolver was loaded with five blanks and one bullet. The game was to put the revolver to your temple and pull the trigger, gambling that you would draw a blank.

But Phyllis did not realize she was gambling with fate, and when she pulled the trigger she expected a harmless click instead of a deadly explosion.

At 16 Phyllis married Daniel Junghans, 20, a sailor. But in three weeks she fell out of love with Junghans, who joined the Navy and sailed away.



Lewis R. Hindle, Who Did Not Want to Get Married So Fast.



The New Phyllis, Hair Dyed, Face Altered and Very Unhappy.

She was slender, pretty, blond and eager for love and life. She got a job as a stenographer and in addition received allotment money from her Navy husband. Free of money worry, free of parental restraint and with handsome youths competing for her favor, she fell in love with Lewis R. Hindle, a gas station worker.

There was no question in her mind that this time it was love that would last. Barely 17, she decided on her second marriage, and told Hindle so.

She wrote her sailor husband to divorce her. At first he refused. But finally he consented, giving her a provisional divorce, which meant waiting and much red tape.

But Phyllis did not purpose to wait. Out of an imagination stuffed with plots and situations she concocted a scheme for beating time and the law. She dyed her blond hair black. She went to a facial surgeon and had some changes made in her appear-

ance. And then she took a new name.

"Now," she said to Hindle, "Phyllis Junghans has vanished. You and I are leaving Washington at once and 'Betty Ann Parker' will become Mrs. Lewis Hindle."

For all his own love of speed of life she was setting a pace that got Hindle jittery. "Look, darling," he said, "marriage is one thing, marrying under false pretenses is something else. It means monkeying with the law. Why not wait and get your divorce?"

"Afraid?" she jeered. That word stung and he slapped her face. He loved her but was determined to be the boss in their relation. She was just as determined to be the boss.

But she pretended to be frightened and at the same time proud of his masterful way. She cried a little and the two made up with kisses.

It was the first act of a drama she was plotting.

"Darling," she said a few days later. "When I go home at night alone men try to stop me. Several times I have had to run away from them. I can't call on you to be my bodyguard night and day. What shall I do?"

"We'll fix that," he said grimly. She had gambled on his reaction and had guessed right. He gave her a .32 calibre revolver. "This will take care of you when I'm not around," he said.

She had him show her the mechanism of the revolver. He thought self-defense was on her mind. What she was apparently thinking of was "Russian poker" and a version she seems to have worked out in her campaign for mastery.

When she was alone she removed four of the cartridges from the bul-

let chambers. Studying the way the chambers would work in connection with the firing pin she felt she was ready for her great scene.

Several days later while they were drinking in a tavern, Phyllis started a quarrel with Hindle that mounted to a climax when they returned to her apartment. Suddenly she took out the revolver and cried:

"Get out of here and go fast! And hereafter you'll do as I say or else!" His smile enraged her. "Cut out this cheap movie stuff. You're not convincing."

She aimed at his body. "I warn you, I'll pull the trigger!" "Go ahead," he said, laughing, "but I know you're bluffing."

She knew he was right, but she pulled the trigger. What she did not know was that the bullet cylinder worked clockwise. Instead of revolving counter-clockwise to an empty chamber, as she expected it to, the cylinder moved the other way to a loaded one. The room rang with the explosion and Phyllis could not believe her eyes and ears.

Hindle clasped his hand over his stomach and blood ran out over his fingers. He sank to the floor and gasped:

"Get an ambulance—but tell them—tell them a burglar shot me! Remember!"

Half crazed, the girl telephoned for help and Hindle was rushed to the Casualty Hospital.

There it was found he was so near death that an operation was deemed impossible.

In another room Phyllis was with Detective Horace Caranfa, trying to tell him the version of the shooting her admirer had concocted.

Word soon came that Hindle was dead. Phyllis shuddered with shock. Then for the first time she stopped playing with life and death. She turned to the detectives:

"He was the only man I really loved, and I killed him!"

She stands indicted now to answer charges of murdering Hindle.

Blond Phyllis Junghans Before She Changed Her Appearance and Personality.

What is Your Lucky Jewel?



Turquoises and Rubies May Protect the Superstitious Wearer From Falls and Wounds.

By JOHN RUBEL
Internationally Noted Gem Authority

FAR back to the remotest fringe of time men have feared, cherished and worshiped precious stones for the mystic powers they have attributed to them.

War reawakens man's primitive instincts. This is perhaps the most logical explanation for a current phenomenon which gem experts have been watching—the revival of a demand for and fashion in certain stones—in turquoise, coral, moonstone and amethyst, for instance—which have for many centuries been considered to have supernatural powers.

Whereas the diamond, emerald and ruby maintain their longstanding eminence as symbols of luxury, power, wealth and glamour, other stones which have not been sought after for many decades are suddenly in amazing demand.

Chief among these stones is the turquoise, used alone or combined with precious stones, and now very popular with smart women.

Ancient records concerning the wearing of amulets mention the turquoise as well as the diamond as having talismanic virtues.

The turquoise is believed to protect the wearer from injury by falling, especially from horseback, and to insure the warrior true aim.

The coral has a peculiar interest as a fashion revival in wartime because it was once believed that this formation stopped the flow of blood. Some semi-precious stones are really antedated in history.

Primitive people felt protected with amulets of carnelian, or coral, or jacinth, and marveled over the healing effects of certain stones, including the hematite and jasper.

Only the great members of ancient tribes possessed jewels they believed would bring them good fortune and longer life. Others listened and spread the tales of this or that superstition.

The diamond, symbol of all good luck in the world, has long been held in esteem as the gem of the sun. St. Hildegard believed that the diamond resisted the devil's



The Ancients Thought There Was Good Magic in a Necklace, Pendant and Bracelet Made of Rubies and Turquoises. The Lucky Wearer Is Miss Inge Munson, New York Model.

Coral, Considered a Talisman Against the Loss of Blood,

corrupting influence.

Recently I have noted the revival of the fashion for wearing jewels on the forehead launched by Valentin, the fashion designer, and taken up by Lily Pons, Mrs. Vincent Astor and many other smart society women.

The Orientals look on the moonstone, the star sapphire and the cat's eye as gems which possess a moving light, and consequently a "living spirit."

The opal, until several centuries ago, was thought to combine all the virtues of the many various-colored gems. But today, the opal is said to be unlucky.

Red stones such as rubies, caruncles and garnets, whose color suggested that of blood, were once believed to confer an invulnerability from wounds.

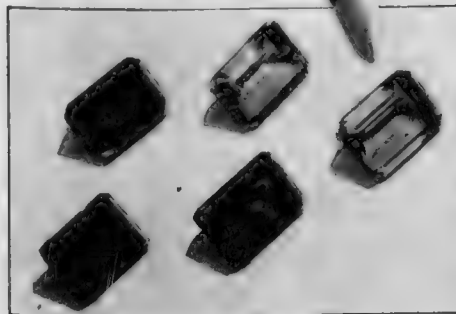
The moonstone, which is believed to bring good fortune, is regarded as a sacred stone in India.

Those who choose the moonstone as a symbol of their love today have undoubtedly heard that it is said to give to lovers the power to read into the future.

Not only the basic emotions, but sensitivity—and feelings which were easily hurt—were attributed to some gems.

Although this is a little far-fetched, it is a fact that pearls do require contact with the skin to retain their lustre.

The belief that to each month of the year a special stone was dedicated may be traced back to Josephus, in the first century of our era, and to St. Jerome in the fifth century. This idea has taken deep root among persons in modern times.



A Rare Brown Diamond, Once Held to Resist the Devil's Influence.

Birthstone	Picturesque—
Style	and Perhaps
Accessories,	Possessing
Upper Left to	Protective
Right—	Talismanic
Tourmaline,	Powers—
Aquamarine,	Set of Coral
Topaz,	and Turquoise
Lower—Garnet	Earrings, Pin
and Amethyst.	and Hatpin.



**Every Woman
SHOULD KNOW**



**about
MERCOLIZED
WAX CREAM**

Because it is MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM that can help you to a more romantic skin. A skin that's truly romantic looks youthful, fresh, translucent, feels soft and is colored, of course, like peaches and cream. Now MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM can help you on these points of loveliness. It peels invisibly the drab, discolored, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, a skin that's softer, whiter, fresher, younger to look at, more silky to touch. Your skin will seem more translucent, giving it what artists call "depth." Your coloring lovelier. So if you are not happy about your skin, start with MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM today. Just follow directions. At all cosmetic counters.

Give your face a treat with TARK-ROOF BEAUTY MASQUE. It's a real facial you can enjoy at home.

**MILLIONS KNOW HOW
TO BEAT THE HEAT**

To take burn out of a sunburn, to give your heat-irritated skin a cooling treat, do as millions do from coast to coast. Use Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder, with a special base that helps absorb moisture, often the cause of heat rash. Sprinkle Mexsana also on tender skin to guard against chafe caused by the rubbing of clothing, collars and girdles. It contains ingredients often used by specialists to relieve these discomforts. Costs little, save most in larger sizes. Help your whole family beat the heat with Mexsana.

**SUMMER CLOTHES
HAVE SUMMER WOES**

Light colored fabrics spot easily. But many spots can be removed as easily at home with Mufti. Handy for quick use on many kinds of clothing, uniforms, upholstery, drapes and other articles made of many materials. Works for over 25 years... Get



TRY St. Joseph ASPRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 40¢

Away Go Corns

**Pain Goes Almost Like Magic—With
Famous Doctor's Soothing Relief**

The very instant you apply soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted. You'll marvel how this novel foot consultant's scientific relief prevents corns, sore toes, blisters, tender spots; eases new or tight shoes.

With Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads you get wonder-working separate Medications for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Talking Letters



Most of the Thousands of Letters That Talk Have Been of a Sentimental and Pleasantly Personal Nature.

SINCE 1939 more than 120,000 Argentines have sent letters—without so much as writing a single line. A novel postal service, operating in Buenos Aires, and other large cities in the Argentine, enables people to send messages via recordings. The system has been so simplified that it is almost as easy to mail one's voice as a letter.

Most of the users of the service—known as Fonopostal for domestic use and Fonopost for international use—employ it for sentimental reasons, but many business men and salesmen have found it an excellent way of putting over a deal with that personal touch.

To send a voice-letter all one has to do is stop in at the post office. There special Fonopostal booths are available. These are equipped with sound-recording apparatus. An attendant is on hand to explain how to make a disc.

If you don't want to bother to go to the post office, all you have to do is phone, and a truck fitted with portable recording machines will come to your home, or place of business.

Charges for this service

are extremely moderate. A single-faced recording can be sent to any part of the country for 20 cents, including postage. To send the same disc out of the country costs only two cents more. Double-faced recordings cost 23 cents. Special large-sized records, with a metal base, can be had for 38 cents.

You can even pre-pay your answers. All you have to do is confine your letter to one side of the platter, leaving the other side available for the reply. You can pay the return postage in advance.

THE talking letters can be sent either by regular mail or air mail. And if you want to specify a certain delivery date—such as a birthdate or an anniversary—postal authorities will see to it that the receiver gets it as ordered.

The popularity of the talking letters has led other South American countries to experiment with the system. Venezuela recently announced that a similar service would soon be in operation in Caracas, and shortly extended to other large Venezuelan cities.

Uncle Sam's Luckiest Soldier

ASK any GI in the Army Air Forces in England who is the luckiest guy in this war?—and you will invariably get the same answer:

"Sergeant Fred J. Dicquardo."

And there's plenty of reason for the unanimity of opinion. For by all rules of the book, Dicquardo, who

hails from Bayport, N. Y., should have been dead long ago.

The fact that he isn't has brought him the reputation of being the war's luckiest guy. Ever since he took over as a rear turret gunner on a bomber he has led a super-charmed life.

Take, for example, that time not so long ago when Sergeant Dicquardo fell out of his ball turret. Airmen are still talking about how the terrific propeller wash blew him back in again.

And then there are his crashes. Four times he has been in planes that have smashed up. And in every instance, he has walked away unscratched.

On four different occasions he has had his oxygen supply cut off while in flight—and each time he has successfully been revived after passing out.

Once he had to bail out over England—and parachuted to safety, unharmed.

But the thing that gets most of the GIs is the fact that four times he has been relieved of assignments on bombers which failed to return from their missions.

His luck has been mixed with a lot of skill and daring. He has five decorations and five enemy planes to his credit.

*The Champagne
of Bottle Beer*



QUALITY

Miller's

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Etiquette for Firemen

Going to Bed With Boots On Is Definitely Frowned Upon.



Accepting Invitations to Tea From Damsels They May Have Rescued Is Another Pleasure Denied St. Louis Firemen.

ONE of the favorite yarns told around the fire houses of St. Louis concerns the time a few years back when a blaze broke out in the dressing room of a beautiful actress in a downtown theatre. "It took one hour to put out the fire," is the way the story goes, "and four hours to put out the firemen."

No Brave Fire Laddie Who Obeys the Written Rules of Conduct Will Playfully, Or Maliciously, Squirt Innocent Bystanders.



man is not permitted to "contract for lunch when at a fire without permission of his officer."

Although fires may make light of everything, firemen can not. The rules of ethics state there is to be no horsing around at blazes. Tempting as it may be, a fireman can't go around "maliciously" squirting spectators with the hose. The manual says he has got to stick strictly to the business of putting out the fire.

Not only does the book of etiquette tell the smoke-eaters how to act at a fire, but it lays down the law as

well for conduct around the station house.

No sleeping in bed with boots on is one of the cardinal rules. Tired as a fireman may be after a big blaze, he just can't tumble into bed. The book says he has got to undress.

Listening in on other people's telephone conversations at the fire house is forbidden—not only because of rules but because of the "impropriety," the manual says.

The firemen can't use a station-house bath tub or shower for any other purpose than that for which it is designed. For example, washing cuspids in the tub is out.

Among the numerous other rules, a fireman is forbidden to smoke a cigarette or puff on a cigar or pipe, while whizzing to or from a fire.

All in all, it looks like etiquette is going to blazes in St. Louis.



There's always One!

...and in lamps it's **G-E!**

GE MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM

July 23, 1944

Next Week

ELECTRIC CURE FOR GRIEF!

Relief from sorrow and worry is now possible through science's new and timely discovery. Read how grief-stricken persons can be shocked positively out of their troubles. See "Grief Banished by Electric Shock," one of many great features in the

July 30 Issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



"The leaflets tell 'em they'd better off by surrendering... and the box of Wheaties will convince 'em."

FLYING FIGHTERS!

Get two Authentic Models: Fairy Fulmar-Heinkel 113

Build and fly cut-out models of Fairy Fulmar—speed king of British Navy, and Heinkel-113—nose-cannon fighter of Nazi Luftwaffe. Over 9 inch wing spread. Full-colour camouflage. A really fly 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Dept. 88, Minneapolis, Minn. Send no money—your planes are free. Send at once! Supplies limited. Offer expires Sept. 1, 1944.

Free! WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

Why risk these two dangers... **Denture Breath and Loose Plates?**



Avoid Denture Breath.—Be careful! It is difficult to reach all the tiny crevices in your plate with a brush and ordinary cleansers... and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, resulting in offensive Denture Breath.

Avoid Loose Plates, Too

Denture material is 60 times softer than natural teeth. With Polident there is no brushing—no danger of wearing down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place.

Do This Every Day!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

Buy Polident today. All drug counters, 30¢ and 60¢.



Use **POLIDENT** Daily

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN...AND ODOR-FREE!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 25

I CAN...YOU CAN...WE ALL CAN... with KARO!

SOME PUN...eh, Folks? But Mom and I really take this canning business seriously, 'euz if we don't do it right, it's an awful waste of time...and food.

So, after reading a lot of magazines and government bulletins, we started using part Karo in our canning syrup.

Seems as how Karo "puts up" better fruits...protects their true flavor and color. That's because Karo is so rich in dextrose sugar...and people who know tell us that dextrose has a natural "affinity" for fruits.

Well, you just try Karo in canning...I bet you'll like it.

the KARO kid

Peaches, pears, apples and other fruits, canned with Karo, retain their plumpness and natural color; hold their fresh, ripe flavor.



*Karo is rich in dextrose
... food-energy sugar*



How to make better canning syrup with Karo

YOUR BASIC RULE IS: 1 cup Karo* to every 3 cups sugar.

Thick syrup: Add 5 cups water or fruit juice.

Medium syrup: Add 6 cups water or juice.

Wartime syrup: (enough for 6-7 quart jars of fruit): Add 9 cups water or fruit juice.

Boil mixture 5 minutes, stirring to dissolve sugar. Always make syrup before handling fruit. You can pour boiling syrup over raw fruit, but the best results come from pre-cooking fruit in syrup 1-5 minutes. Then pack hot and fill jars to within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of top. Process 15-20 minutes in Boiling Water Bath. Perfect results depend on perfect fruit and delicate handling. Pack quickly.

*Red Label or Blue Label Karo



© Corn Products Sales Company

Lost Temper, Found Voice

A YEAR and a half ago, Mario Mastriani, a Yank in Tunisia, was knocked to the ground by a terrific bomb explosion. When stretcher bearers picked him up he couldn't talk. The concussion had rendered him speechless.

At the hospital, Army doctors tried everything to restore his speech. But they had no luck. Mastriani was sent back to the United States. Specialists looked at him. They shook their heads. There was nothing that could be done.

The unlucky soldier was mustered out of the Army and sent back to his home at Schenectady, N. Y. Resigned to his fate, he began studying the sign language. He took a job in an electrical plant, "talked" to his co-workers with pencil and paper.

Then the other day Mastriani got in an argument with his 16-year-old brother, Tony. The boy was threatening to quit school and go to work. The veteran got so mad at his younger brother that before he knew what he was doing he belted out the words:

"All right, you support

the family and I'll stay home and have fun."

Tony let out a whoop of joy. It took the startled ex-soldier a full minute to realize he had spoken his first words in nearly a year and a half. The rest of the family and neighbors were called in. What had started

paralyzed throat muscles. There have been other such cases. Only a few months ago there was a similar instance in England. Frederick Frith, a 66-year-old pensioner, had both his voice and hearing restored—after being deaf and dumb for 26 years—when he was

struck by an automobile on the streets of Nottingham.

Frith lost his voice and hearing in the same manner in which Mastriani was robbed of his speech through a shell explosion. That was in 1917.

When pedestrians picked up Frith, after he had been hit by the car they thought he had suffered a head injury because he kept repeating the words "Thank you, thank you," over and over.

All during the long ride to the hospital the victim babbled like a broken phonograph record.

At the hospital, doctors found that the old man was afraid to stop talking for fear he would lapse into dumbness. Several months have passed since the accident and physicians believe that his ability to talk and hear has been permanently restored.



It Took the Angry Ex-soldier a Minute to Realize That, After a Year and a Half of Silence, He Had Found His Voice.

as a bitter quarrel turned into a big celebration.

"I just got so boiling mad I had to talk, I guess," explained Mario. "I had quit school and I didn't want Tony to make the same mistake."

Doctors are at a loss to explain Mastriani's sudden restoration of speech. All they know is that the veteran's anger caused something to happen in the

Jeepers!

What a cold you caught last spring!



So you asked for K.P. ("Kools, Please!") and found 'em soo-o-thing!



If KOOLS were so ap-peeling then...



When your throat was raw

See here, private, why not smoke 'em all the time?



Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

for good!



-the girl he can't forget

-the girl with a Solitaire-lovely complexion

These, he won't forget. The way you whisper, "I love you" . . . your funny laugh . . . the creamy smoothness, the Solitaire smoothness of your cheek against his lips. Let him remember you always with a Solitaire-lovely complexion.

TEATIME TRYST—your complexion as romantic as your hat. Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.



FORTY LOVE—your complexion as potent as your backhand! Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up looks NATURAL in the sun. Its LANOLIN richness guards your skin against dryness.



IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS



CAKE MAKE-UP WITH Solitaire

A Campana Product

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

Serve a Summer Smörgåsbord

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

COLD suppers for the family, cold luncheon on Sunday, jellied salads, crisp relishes, are never so welcome as in the midst of summer. If it's a party for guests from out of town, or just for the family, it's fun to serve such meals smorgasbord fashion, which means that the guests help themselves to a good array of tasty dishes. And this is easy if you arrange a two tiered buffet as the Scandinavians do. A low, flat box in the center of your table does the trick. Cover the box and the table with a cloth; or paint the box to match the table, leave both bare and arrange the food on it. While a genuine smorgasbord contains a few hot dishes, as well as a wide assortment of salads and other tempting food, this simplified menu for an American home smorgasbord is easy to prepare. Also it is meant to be the whole meal—not just an overwhelming array of appetizers as is the case in the Northland.

Stuffed Beef Loaf
Eggs with Anchovies
Summer Meat Loaf
Watercress Sandwiches
on Rye Bread
Cream Cheese with Chives
Radishes and Pickles
Blueberry Upside Down
Cake

Iced Tea and Coffee

Stuffed Beef Loaf

- 2 envelopes plain, unflavored gelatin
 - 1 pound ground round steak
 - 2 tablespoons minced onion
 - 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
 - 1 cup cooked garlic salt
 - 2 cups and 4 tablespoons tomato juice, or water
 - 1 cup cold water
 - 1 cup cooked carrots
 - 1 cup cooked green beans
 - 1 cup cooked minced celery
 - 1 1/2 cups liquid from cooking vegetables, or water
 - 3 tablespoons vinegar
 - 1 tablespoon finely minced green pepper
 - Salt and pepper
- Soften one envelope of gelatin in the four tablespoons of cold tomato juice, or water. Combine the steak, onion, seasonings and the rest of the tomato juice or water. Simmer very slowly until the meat is tender. Add the gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Cool until syrupy. Pour half of the mixture into a loaf pan rinsed out in cold water first.
- Cut carrots in Julienne strips and cook. Cook whole beans and cut celery, saving the liquid from the cooking. Soften the second

envelope of gelatin in the one-fourth cup of cold water. Dissolve this gelatin in the hot liquid from the vegetables. Add the vinegar, salt and pepper and let cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in the cooked vegetables and green pepper. Spread the vegetable mixture over the top of the meat layer in the loaf pan, and when almost set, top with the rest of the meat mixture. Chill until firm. Eight to ten servings.

Summer Meat Loaf

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
 - 1 cup cold water
 - 1 1/2 cups (14-ounce can) tomato juice
 - 1 tablespoon sugar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - 1 pound liverwurst
 - 1/2 cup Mayonnaise
 - 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
 - 1/2 cup chopped celery
 - 1/2 cup green pepper
 - 1 tablespoon minced onion
- Letuce
Soften gelatin in "cold water and dissolve over hot water. Add the gelatin to the tomato juice. Stir in the sugar and salt, pepper and lemon juice. Allow the mixture to cool till it begins to thicken. Remove the skin from the liverwurst and mash. Add Mayonnaise and mustard, celery, green pep-

per and onion and blend. Then fold the liverwurst mixture into the tomato mixture. Pour this into a mold which has been rinsed out with cold water and chill it in the refrigerator until it is set. Unmold it on a chilled plate and garnish. Eight servings.

Eggs With Anchovies

- 10 anchovy fillets
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 red onion
- 6 tablespoons crumbs
- 6 eggs

FROM A CALIFORNIA READER'S KITCHEN

A CALIFORNIA reader, Mr. Weldon C. Lundgren of Oakland, sent in his two favorite dishes for the smorgasbord table. The bean recipe calls for Swedish brown beans, he says, but if you can't find them at your grocer's, use small navy beans.

Swedish Meat Balls

- 2 pounds round steak, ground
- 1 pound pork, ground
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- Pepper
- 2 teaspoons mixed ground spice (ginger, nutmeg, cloves, allspice)
- 1 cup top milk or light cream
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Fry the onion in the hot shortening. Mix the meats together, combine the beaten egg, crumbs, sugar and other seasonings, and stir with the meat. Add the cooked onion, too, then form the mixture into small balls. Brown them in the onion-flavored fat. When they are browned all over add enough hot water to almost cover the meat balls.

Remove any bones from the anchovies. Chop and mix with the crumbs and butter and arrange in a buttered baking dish. Cover with the sliced onion. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) till the onions are delicately browned and tender. Then remove the dish from the oven and break the eggs carefully into it. Set it back in the oven and bake till the eggs are set. Serve hot. Six servings. Sardines, salmon, cod or tuna may be used.

Cover the pan and let the meat simmer thirty minutes. Then place the meat balls in a casserole or chafing dish; stir the milk into the liquid in the frying pan, thicken this gravy with a little flour paste (one tablespoon flour smoothed with a teaspoon or two of the liquid.) Season to taste. Add the lemon juice and a little more hot water if needed. When it is boiling, pour over the meat balls. Keep it hot in the oven until ready to serve, or on an electric hot plate on the smorgasbord table. Ten to twelve servings.

Swedish Brown Beans

- 1 cup diced, crisply broiled bacon
 - 2 cups brown beans
 - 5 cups water
 - 4 tablespoons light molasses
 - 4 tablespoons vinegar
 - Salt
- Wash the beans well, drain and cover them with the five cups of cold water. Simmer till they are tender, which is approximately three and one-half hours. (For navy beans, let them soak over night, and cook about three hours, or until tender.) Add more hot water if it is needed as they cook. When they are tender add the other ingredients and salt to taste. Just before serving stir in the bacon. Four to six servings.

LUNCH BOX to PACK?

Take
HOT DAN'S
Tips—

Try this wonderful new Mustard—Butter, Soften 4 tsp. butter or margarine. Blend in 2 tsp. French's Mustard. Makes a delicious, tasty sandwich spread. Try egg-salad sandwiches with French's Mustard added to the mixture. So smooth and creamy it blends perfectly.

Millions prefer it!

Finest spices and mustard seed money can buy



Save Food

Save Points

Save Trips to Store

Buy War Bonds with your savings. Use—

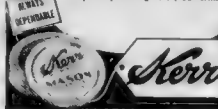
MASON JARS and CAPS for all your canning.

Official Mason Jars for all Mason Jars

Free! Kerr Homemaker, 24 pages of time tables, recipes, instructions and 100 gummed labels. Write...

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Dept. 112, Los Angeles 13, California



ICE CREAM AS LOW AS 11¢ a pint

Sure to be pure—YOU make it! In 2 minutes, mix LONDOERRY, sugar and evaporated milk, or any cream that will whip. Whip, freeze, that's all. No cooking, no re-whipping. Smooth, no ice crystals. (Use milk or cream with for delicious frozen desserts.) 15¢ per LONDOERRY makes 4 pints, any flavor. Ask your grocer for LONDOERRY packages and 20 famous recipes, postpaid. If he does not carry it, send us \$1.00 for 7 packages and 20 famous recipes, postpaid.

LONDOERRY
633 Howard Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.

SMORGASBORD AS THE SCANDINAVIANS SERVE IT

HOT DISHES	ASPICS	Anchovies
Omelets	Salmon and other fish	Fish
Meat Balls	Loebster	Meats
Meat Faddings	Meats	Also easier
Sauces	Vegetables	COLD, BOILED OR BAKED
Croutons	Chicken	Meats
Timbales	Gam	Fish
Browned Onions		Fowl
Stuffed Onions		Gam with Mayonnaise and Tartare
Sauces	SALADS	Sauces
Hash	Stuffed Eggs	Meat loaves
Kidney Saute	Pickled spiced eggs	Patties
Brains	Potato	RELISHES
Veal	Beet and vegetable	Celery
Fish Knackles	Apple and celery	Olives
	Cold Slaw	Pickles
	Red cabbage slaw	Mixed pickles
		Onions
CHEESE	PICKLED AND SMOKED	Radishes
Gasts' Milk	Eel	
Cheese With Caraway Seed		
Other Types		



1. "OUR LITTLE PITCHER is a chip off the old block," beams Mrs. Emerson Dickman of Great Neck, N. Y. "Let he grow up and plays ball with the Boston Red Sox, like his pop did before he joined the Navy. Luckily we have family re-unions fairly often—and I always have something pretty to wear for those big moments! That's because I've heard about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care! Replacing clothes these days, when they're so scarce and expensive, would be tough."

"My clothes keep hitting Home Runs—I'm wise to
TWICE the Wear with
Ivory Flakes care!"



2. "DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," is Mrs. Dickman's plea. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Wash tests prove that hard-to-replace dresses, undies, housecoats, sweaters give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. So let the flake form of baby's mild Ivory help protect *all* your pretty washables—stockings, blouses, curtains, girdles!

3. "MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO!" Mrs. Dickman does—and with good reason. "You see," she says, "soaps use vital war materials—so we daren't waste any! Next time you use it—notice how even a tiny bit of Ivory Flakes whips up into heaps of kind-to-colors suds."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS

Eyes tired? Do they avert and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then **cleanse and soothe** them the quick, easy way—use **Murine**.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES - REFRESHES

Even the HUNGRIEST MOSQUITO WON'T BITE YOU!

Just rub a few drops of pleasant-smelling JITTER BUG on ankles, legs, wrists, face, neck and forehead and you can sit out on your porch, go camping, fishing or picnicking without worrying about mosquito bites, chigger bites, red bugs, sand fleas or sand flies. The minute these pests come near a man, woman or child who is protected with Jitter Bug, they are warned not to bite. Costs only 35¢—gives real protection. At drug, grocery, department, hardware and variety stores. Ask for and get genuine

JITTER BUG

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN

Do this for Quick Relief
Would you like to see that itchy redness and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Get a tin of the jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease the itching, tickle and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

USED IN TROPICS
ATHLETE'S FOOT
Satisfactory or Money Back...
In many steaming tropical countries last year proved Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment in a favorite because SKIN SUCCESS works so fast to kill the fungi on contact, relieve the itching agony and help heal. For complete SKIN SUCCESS treatment bath feet with the foamy medication of SKIN SUCCESS Soap 25¢, then apply Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment 25¢ (the size contains 4 times as much) at drug and toiletry counters or from E. T. Brown Drug Co., 12 Water St., New York, N. Y.

Quick Aid for Discomfort of

THERE'S nothing like the help Resinol gives as first aid in minor skin injuries or irritations, of external origin. Resinol is specifically for quick, soothing action.

RESINOL

War Bonds can't buy back a soldier's life but can "have another's"

Vacation Beauty Kits



By URSULA TROW
VACATION kits, containing the necessary lotions and creams to keep you lovely under the sun, are scarce this year. Why? Primarily because of packaging shortages. Manufacturers can't get the jars in which to put creams, nor the leather or other materials to make up kit cases. Another reason for not making more beauty kits this year is that most manufacturers feel there's no point to it. People won't be spending their vacations far from their own back yards. But there are still some lovely kits on the market, and these are necessarily more expensive than heretofore. You may be fortunate enough to find one that suits your needs and your pocketbook, too.

Make Your Own
OTHERWISE if you are near enough to the seashore and mountains to be able to spend an occasional week end, and want a kit of compactly packed beauty necessities, it seems that you'll have to stretch your good old American ingenuity just a little farther and make your own. You can still buy a gay plaid or striped beach bag, rubber-lined and water-proof, or one of those Pullman cases to be found at most notions and cosmetic counters. Sew in little strips of tape or ribbon to hold small jars and containers in place. The jars can be some of those empty ones you've had lying around for years; or washed and sterilized small mayonnaise jars to be filled from your home supply of creams.

What Goes Inside
IF YOU'RE an ardent worshiper of Old Sol, first and foremost to go on such a trip with you should be soothing and smoothing sun tan cream and oil. One sun tan cream is recommended for the fair-skinned person who wants to prevent a burn while basking in the sun's rays. And the same

Charles of the Ritz Photos
Vacation Kits Pack the Maximum of Beauty Aids in a Minimum of Space.

manufacturer puts out an oil for those who want to encourage a rich tan. Always apply such creams or oils before and after swimming. In addition to a sun preparation, your home-made kit should contain items of the rest of your favorite make-up. If you want to model it according to a professional kit, you'll include rouge, lipstick and powder; mascara; a skin cleanser; a freshener lotion; a velvety texture cream; and perhaps a skin bloom lotion.

Inches Count
IF you still have room in your kit, you would most certainly want to take along a good deodorant and depilatory. Also nail enamel for fingers and toes to provide that extra touch of better grooming. But keep all jars and bottles small in your kit, since you don't want to be loaded down with excess weight. It's best not to travel at all these days. But if you travel, don't go far and do travel lightly. Correct packing conserves space. That's why a little make-up kit, home-made or otherwise, will fit nicely into a small suitcase and still give you room to pack your clothes and other vacationing things you must have.

If you don't want to pack bulky wash cloths when you are week-ending, get yourself a cardboard cylinder of ten compressed cotton bath sponges. They expand to regular sized wash cloths in the tub, and come in two famous fragrances.

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Planning

HE: What...me in striped trousers and a wing collar! Baby... that's gonna be tough after Navy Blues.

SHE: It's orange blossoms and all the trimmings for me, Sailor! In fact... we're going to have a regular coming-out-of-the-khaki Victory ball!

HE: Okay, Butch... you win... but on one condition.

SHE: Wha-at's that?

HE: After this fancy shindig, we hit the trail for the backwoods.

SHE: All right. But if you forget the Chesterfields like you did the time we went hiking... I'll divorce you!

HE: Fine thing... when a man has to tell his friends his wife's left him for lack of a Chesterfield!

SHE: The answer to that one, Sailor... is... don't let 'er lack! Keep her satisfied!

HE: Okay Butch, you win again. We'll make that part of our post-war planning.

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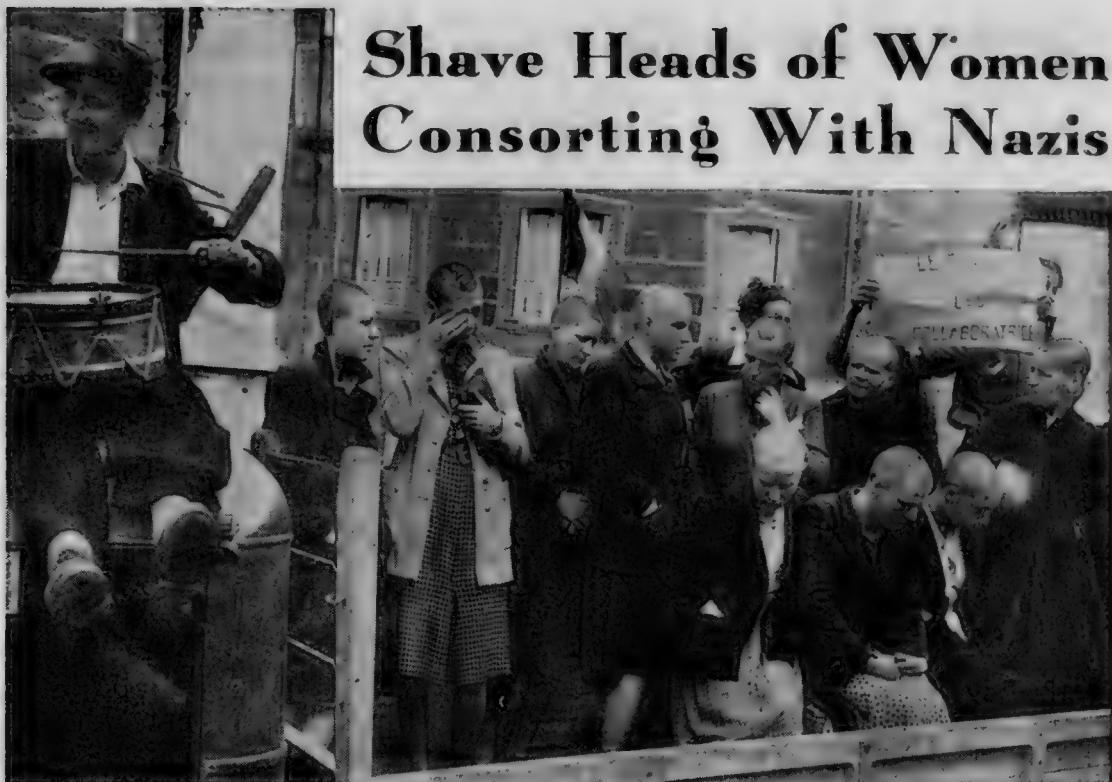
LIGHT UP

Chesterfield

They Satisfy

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Shave Heads of Women Consorting With Nazis



A truck load of "Axis collaborationists," their heads shorn, ride in shame through the streets of Cherbourg on Bastille Day. The sign, held aloft, proclaims in French: "The cart of the women collaborationists."

By Katherine Donovan

TO AN ever-increasing group of young French women, what was once their "crowning glory" has become a crown of shame.

Shorn to the scalp of their hair, they skulk through town and village, seek obscure hide-outs in the hills and wander as despised and disenfranchised outcasts, exposed to the contempt and scorn of their fellow-countrymen and women alike.

For these are the women seared with the brand of infamy because they have betrayed their country during wartime. These are women found guilty, with the rough but potent justice of their former friends and associates, of consorting with the enemy during the years of conquest, of debasing themselves, body and spirit, to the temporary conquerors of their country.

They have been found guilty as traitors—as collaborationists, through the lure of their sex, through the sale of their femininity—with the Germans who vainly sought to enslave France as a nation, but who succeeded, in the cases of these young women, in enslaving them to a degree that blinded them to patriotism and honor.

NOW with France resurgent, now with the American liberators on their shores, now with victory at hand, the day of reckoning has come for these girls who, through greed or weakness, have submitted to the conquerors and have lived in comparative luxury and safety while French patriots suffered and starved and fought on through the bitter darkness of the German occupation.

Most appropriately, the menfolk of their respective communities are now meting out a punishment which befits the crime of these traitresses who

traded their femininity with the enemy.

Convicted of the betrayal of France, they stand in the public places of villages and towns, and a man delegated by the local court removes with none too gentle shears the hair that is the symbol of their femininity.

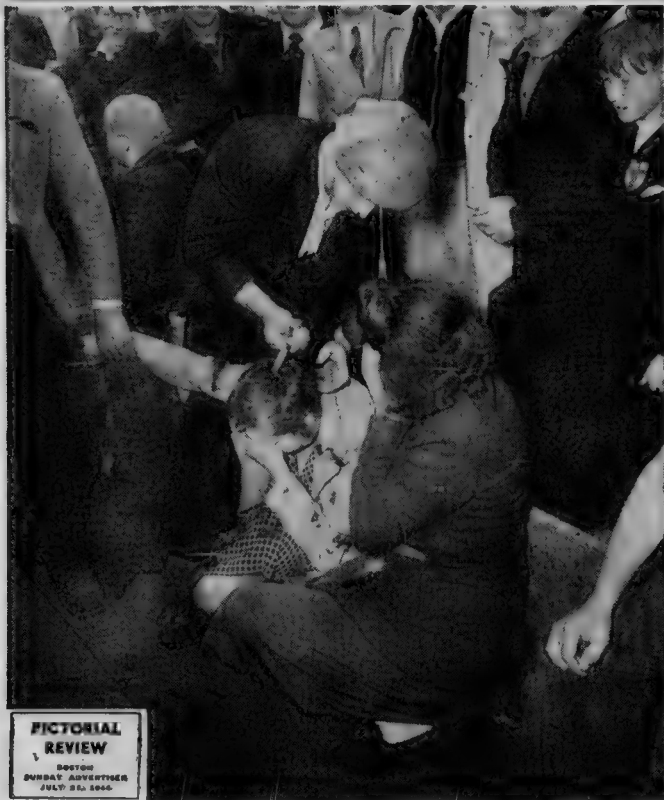
Publicly shamed, they writhe and struggle as their hair is cropped close to their heads. They cringe from the angry jeers of their former countrymen—for their sentence, too, carries loss of their citizenship and exile from their homes.

IN SOME cases where their collaboration with German officers or soldiers has been conspicuously brazen, they are stripped of all their clothing and driven, not by whips but by the concentrated hatred of villagers and townsmen, from the place of their birth.

Objects of contempt and scorn, they seek refuge where they can. There are few loyal Frenchmen who will give aid and succor to these women. In the opinion of every French patriot, they have forfeited all claim to help, for when France had most need of them, they cast their lot with the enemies of France.

The punishment of the shorn locks is not new in the annals of history. There is biblical precedent for the cropping of the hair of women unfaithful to their husbands or to their nation. Ancient and modern civilizations show records of this punishment to women frequently inflicted upon those who have

Continued on Page 2



A young French woman, regarded by her townspeople as a traitor because she entertained Germans while the community was occupied, loses her locks. Cringing nearby, another young woman is forced to wait for similar treatment.

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photos

**PICTORIAL
REVIEW**

BOSTON
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
JULY 25, 1945

Badge of Shame for French Girls Who Entertained Nazis

Continued from Page 1

betrayed a cause or a principal greater than themselves.

But to French women, this comes as a dire humiliation and disgrace, because the women of France, throughout history, have taken special pride in their hair, its arrangement and its beauty. The French word "coiffure" has been adopted into the English language, and is expressive of the care and artful means by which the French women have enhanced their charm.

But to the outraged French patriots who wield the shears of vengeance upon the heads of the traitorous women in their communities there is a deeper significance to this punishment—a significance far beyond the public shame, the humiliation, the blow to feminine vanity.

For to the French, who have an extremely realistic attitude concerning sex, these women have violated not only a moral and patriotic code, but a code that applies, in wartime, even to the women of easy virtue whose profession is publicly and legally recognized and accepted for what it is.

The armies of France, like the armies of many other European countries, have always had their professional "camp followers"; women under military supervision and restriction who have followed the soldiers, even to distant lands, and who have

been regarded as a necessary if regrettable adjunct of the army.

TO FRENCHWOMEN of this oldest of professions, their relationship with soldiers during wartime has always been considered in the line of a patriotic duty rather than as an enforced economic hardship. They have felt no shame, but rather gloried in their services to the men who have fought for their country.

Notably in France, women of this class have given themselves voluntarily, without thought for reward, and in the belief, however inimitable it might seem to nations more inconsistent and hypocritical concerning the sex problem, that in their own limited way they were serving their country.

These women throughout the wars in which France has fought, have been ardent, unselfish patriots. Some have received high decorations from the French government. And so to them, as well as to the loyal men of France, the mere idea that a Frenchwoman could consort with the enemies of France strikes with special horror.

To the logical French mind, the problem of sex, and particularly in wartime, exists and should be dealt with realistically and efficiently. And so it is not for their lapse from the moral code that the young women are being shorn of their hair in communities throughout



France today. It is that they lapsed with the enemy.

The French regard them as double traitors; as traitors to their country and traitors to their own sex. Considering the angry contempt in which they are held, it is astonishing that their punishment is not greater. It has been suggested that they have been spared the penalty of death because they are considered too unimportant to France to be made martyrs—that they are held in such low esteem that the dignity of death is denied them.

In England, where this essentially Gallic method of punishment came as a slight shock to conservative citizens accustomed to less spectacular forms of justice, there was recently a mild protest against the hair-shearing.

London newspapers asked the French Committee of National Liberation to repudiate the action of Norman citizens in thus punishing the women whose collaboration had taken the form of sex relationship with the enemy. But the London papers got their answer.

Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, Algiers commissioner of the interior, merely smiled.

"It is quite normal," he said at a press conference, "that

Shorn hair, brand of infamy, is the penalty French women must pay for consorting with the enemy. These pictures above and right, shown Mme. Juliette Audieve, 35, being grabbed and shorn of her hair by French patriots in the village Liesville for being friendly with the Nazis.

International News Photos

after many lean days there ing, he explained, come under should be a carnival of some no particular jurisdiction. Al- kind."

The women victims of shear-

Continued on Page 3



Taken from the fields of Le Englise were these two sisters, Mme. Madelaine Bazise and Mile. Suzanne Lemoine (above), to face charges of collaborating with Nazis. Left, mother of the girls is trying to protect Madeleine from fate which befell others who betrayed their countrymen by consorting with the enemy.



Members of the French Resistance Party with some of the women to whom they administered the dread "hair cut" punishment. Note the young girls in bobby socks.

A French Woman Pays the Penalty



Continued from Page 2

though their offenses do not justify trial, the people feel that they should not go unpunished. And with a flash of truly Gallic wit he added:

"It is excellent that the French people have found a humorous way of humiliating these collaborators."

THE MOST spectacular shearing of the "traitors' tresses" took place recently in liberated Cherbourg as part of the Bastille Day celebration. On this day when the French observe the anniversary of their independence as a free nation, there was a widespread roundup of the women known to have collaborated with the Nazis during the tragic days of the occupation.

There was a brief trial by members of the local court, and in most cases the girls were found guilty and sentence was pronounced and forthwith executed. Few of them had the courage to offer any defense. Their guilt was generally known. Living in comfort under the protection of their Nazi masters and supermen, they suddenly found themselves exposed to the relentless raw vengeance of their own people.

Some were at first defiant, others strove for calm indifference, and still others screamed and wept hysterically. But without exception, they all broke down eventually, under the weight of humiliation and guilt and public ignominy, as the callous shears grated across their scalps.

THOSE already shorn were herded into line and forced to watch their co-collaborators as their turn came. Some had been dragged from the homes which they had occupied with the Nazi invaders. Others were rounded up in hideouts and literally carried to the court for trial and sentence.

As a climax to their misery, the girls were loaded into a truck and paraded through the

streets, to the beating of drums and the shrill jeers of the crowds. Some attempted to hide their ugliness, burying their cropped heads in their arms. Others stood despairingly, looking for the last time upon the homes from which they were henceforth exiled. A few knelt in prayer.

IN ANOTHER Normandy village, a 23-year-old girl named Grande Guillette was taken into the public park of the little community. While one patriot, a soldier who had fought for France before the occupation, firmly held her hands, another applied the shears. Tears streamed from her eyes, but there was no answering compassion or pity in the faces of the villagers whose cause and whose country she had betrayed.

On the French island of Corsica, birthplace of Napoleon, three girls were routed out of houses where they had lived with German officers and were quickly tried and found guilty.

Their punishment took place immediately after the liberation of Corsica by French and American troops. Men who had fought bravely against the Germans and had given valuable aid to the liberating troops were chosen to enforce the sentence upon the women who had been faithless to their heritage of freedom.

ONE by one, as they stood in the village square, these girls admitted their guilt. Two of the girls whose conduct with the Germans had been spectacularly arrogant were stripped and driven from the town to the desolate hills beyond, and to an even more desolate future.

The third girl, after being stripped, was allowed to wear her coat as she, too, was sent from her home and her family to a destination unknown.

As the liberating armies of the United Nations advance in France, there are an increasing number of these girls upon whose heads has fallen the penalty of their guilt.

What their future will be is a mystery, but it is a mystery which does not concern the French patriots who now exact from them the toll of their disloyalty to France.

What was once her "crowning glory" has now become her crown of shame. Because she lived with Nazis while they occupied France, this young woman, Grande Guillette, pays the penalty by having her hair shaved off. Photo above shows the 23-year-old girl being dragged from her home in Normandy by two French patriots. Right, her hair is clipped and, below, the job finished.



ON DEC. 3, 1888, two young boys of Birmingham, Ala., were playing around East Lake, just outside of town, when they noticed something interesting floating in the water. They rowed out to the object and saw to their horror that it was the body of a little girl. A few hours later two more bodies—one another little girl, the other a woman—were found in Lakeview Lake, a popular resort on the south side of the city about eight miles from East Lake.

In each instance, the victim's head had been crushed, and the body weighted down with iron.

The identities were soon established. The woman was Mrs. Emma Hawes, 37; the children were her daughters, Mary (called May), 11, and Irene, 8 (Irene was the child found in East Lake). The sole adult survivor of the tragedy was the husband and father, Richard R. Hawes, 42, a locomotive engineer on the Georgia and Pacific Railroad, running between Birmingham and Columbus, Miss.

As so often happens, the survivor became the suspect.

IT DEVELOPED that Hawes, a handsome fellow well-liked by both sexes, had acquired a girl friend in Columbus, and it was this that caused him to be suspected. In Columbus, at the end of his run, he had been staying at the boarding house of Mrs. A. J. Story, whose daughter, May, a vivacious young brunette, caught his eye and heart.

Hawes had wooed her, with the most serious of intentions. He had told her that, while he had been married, there had been a divorce. He mentioned that he had a son, Willie, but said nothing about his two daughters. Miss Story found him acceptable.

On Nov. 16 the engineer had gone to the Cline Mattress Co. in Birmingham and bought a mattress, two pillows and a rug. Asked about his wife at that place, he had replied that his wife had died and he planned to remarry. Then he rented a room in the neighborhood and made arrangements to have the Cline Company install the articles he had purchased. He told the landlord, G. P. Fuller, that he and his bride would occupy the room after their marriage, scheduled for Dec. 5.

On Nov. 23, according to evidence later exploited, Hawes met L. S. Suydam, a coal dealer, on a street in Avondale, a suburb of Birmingham, and said he would like to borrow 50 cents as he was hungry and had not eaten in three or four days. Suydam gave him the 50 cents, whereupon Hawes pulled a \$5 bill from his pocket and asked Suydam if he could change it for him. Then Hawes got on a street car and started for Birmingham.

Aboard the street car, Hawes dropped a quarter into the coin box and demanded that Operator Bob Busby give him 20 cents change, even though nothing but nickels was supposed to be dropped into the box. Then he asked that he be let off the car when it "reached Columbus." Busby gave him a couple of odd looks, and when the car reached Birmingham he jokingly called out "Columbus." Hawes got off at once.

What did such peculiar behavior add up to? Well, the popular engineer was about to get married—perhaps that explained it.

THE marriage took place in Columbus, as scheduled, on Dec. 5, and at 6 the next morning the newlyweds entrained for Birmingham. However, fate was to rule otherwise, for when the train pulled into the Birmingham station a large reception committee headed by Chief of Police O. A. Richard and Sheriff Joe S. Smith was on hand.

The officers kept out of sight as much as possible while W. J. Parish, superintendent of the Georgia and Pacific, performed the initial maneuvers. Greeting

Justice and Alabama's Famous Hawes Case

By PETER LEVINS

the newlyweds, he told Hawes that he had some business to discuss with him, then requested the bride to step into the waiting room. As soon as she was out of sight, the signal was given and the posse closed in to make the arrest.

Hawes remained quite calm, but his hands collapsed when she heard the news. When she was able to return to her parents' home, several days later, she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Immediately after his arrest Hawes was rushed to the undertaker's where the bodies lay. He seemed stricken with grief and horror, insisting repeatedly that he had been in Columbus when

Hawes remarked to the conductor, F. A. Fanning, that he and his child were going on a picnic at the lake.

Fanning thought it an odd time of year to be going on a picnic but said nothing.

Later that night, said Patterson, he and Hawes carried the corpses of Mrs. Hawes and Irene to Lakeview Lake, which was only a short distance from the Hawes home. The next day May Story and her parents met Hawes in Columbus, and they went off to complete the plans for the wedding the next afternoon. None of them noticed anything out of the ordinary about Hawes' behavior.

It was an event of unparalleled bloodshed for 11 men fell dead on the spot and 27 others were seriously wounded. One of those killed was Postmaster Albert Throckmorton, an innocent bystander, who had been viewing the scene from the steps of the hotel across the street.

A coroner's jury ordered Hawes held for murder, and the same jury named Patterson and Fannie Bryant accessories. In April, 1889, a grand jury indicted Hawes for murder in the first degree.

Public interest still was at a peak when Hawes went on trial late that same month before



Lakeview Lake Where Bodies of Mrs. Hawes and Irene Were Discovered

the crime was committed and had not heard a thing about it until his arrest. He blamed the killings on one Fannie Bryant, a Negro servant in the Hawes home, and Albert Patterson, a hack driver.

These two were soon in custody. The woman denied any knowledge of the crime; Patterson, on the other hand, said he knew all about it.

ACCORDING to him, Hawes had wanted his wife and children out of the way in order to have a clear path for his new marriage. He said that Hawes had figured the whole thing out many days in advance. He said that he and Fannie Bryant had accompanied Hawes to the Georgia and Pacific shops to obtain the weights to sink the bodies. The weights were two-foot slugs of iron, called fish plates, used as connections on railroad tracks.

The trio carried some of the plates to East Lake, others to Lakeview Lake and the remainder they had hidden in the Hawes home.

On the afternoon of the crime, Patterson related, Hawes sent his daughter, May, to the grocery store in the company of the servant. While they were gone, the husband and the hack driver beat Mrs. Hawes and the younger girl over the head with hammers, leaving them for dead in a welter of blood.

Then May returned with the Bryant woman. Hawes kept the child from entering the death room, Fannie, however, went in, according to Patterson, and, seeing Mrs. Hawes still breathing, picked a hammer and administered the finishing blows.

PATTERSON said that, a little later, Hawes boarded a street car with May. The conductor on the car recalled that he heard May chatting happily about the approaching Christmas holidays. Presently the father and mother had transferred to the Lakeview Lake line.



Richard Hawes

On Saturday evening, Dec. 8, while week-end shoppers filled the streets, a mob of about 1000 men started moving toward the county jail, only a few blocks from the center of the town. Mayor E. A. Thompson warned of their approach, faced them and pleaded with them to disperse, only to be met with shouts that they had come for Hawes and meant to have him.

Sheriff Smith posted deputies at all the windows. He told them not to fire until he gave the order. Then he stepped outside and told the mob to break up, otherwise there would be bloodshed.

But the mob surged forward like a slow flood, and Sheriff Smith had to give the order to fire.

As had been proved before, and has been since more than once, one volley of gunfire stopped the mob immediately and sent its leaders scurrying in

Judge E. S. Greene. The old courthouse had been razed since the triple killing, so that the courtroom was moved to the Hood Building located at Third and 26th st. in the heart of the city.

The foremost legal minds of the state participated. Col. E. T. Taliaferro, towering Tennessee-born veteran of the political and legal arena, headed the defense, assisted by Frank S. Barrett, the press for the defense, and J. J. Adams.

Two days were consumed before the jury box was filled. The case had attracted so much attention that most of the taxpayers were excused for having fixed opinions. The jury finally selected included two farmers, two real estate agents, two contractors, a mechanic, a railway agent, a mine owner, and a merchant. Two of these were alternates.

As the State slowly piled up its case, Hawes became noticeably less cocky. He sat at the defense counsel table, twisting nervously in his chair.

Most of the early witnesses told either of seeing the bodies after they were taken from the water, or identifying them as Emma Hawes and her daughters. These included an embalmer, a colored woman who lived near the Hawes home, and Dr. Cunningham Wilson, county physician.

Then came Albert Patterson, the star witness for the prosecution. He told the same story on the stand that he had related after his arrest. The defense could not shake his testimony in any important detail, so that when he stepped down it appeared as if that Dick Hawes was as good as convicted.

JIM HAWES, first witness for the defense, laid the groundwork for the testimony of other defense witnesses by referring to a mysterious stranger, Robert Thompson, also said to be a railroad man. He said Thompson

son visited his brother's home frequently in the latter's absence, and accused Emma Hawes of having an affair with Thompson.

Thompson, it developed, had disappeared and had not been seen since the bodies were discovered.

From the trend of Jim Hawes' and several other witnesses' testimony, it was clear to court habitués that the defense was laying stress on the apparent resemblance in the looks of Thompson and the defendant, and on the possibly significant disappearance of this new figure in the case.

The high spot of the defense came when Hawes himself took the stand to deny that he had anything to do with the killings. He insisted that Mrs. Hawes had agreed to give him a divorce and that he had paid her \$500 for her agreement.

His account of events on the night of the crime had him taking May to town on a street car. Later he returned with May, he continued, and then took his son Willie to the train, as Willie was going to Atlanta, Ga., to live with his Uncle Jim. He said that May and Irene were to be placed in a convent after he and Mrs. Hawes were divorced.

HE said that when he returned home after putting his son on the train, the house was deserted. He went to bed, and the next morning Fannie Bryant came in and told him that Mrs. Hawes and the girls were at a neighbor's.

The next day was Sunday, he went on. He took a walk to Lakeview, then returned home and remained there all day. Monday he went to town and bought several articles in preparation for his trip to Columbus the next day. He stayed at the Florence Hotel in Birmingham and did not return home. The next morning, he said, he left for Columbus at 6 o'clock. Then he told of his marriage to May Story and of his subsequent arrest.

He bore up well under a rigid cross-examination.

Fannie Bryant, called as a witness for the defense, tried to bolster Hawes' alibi, swearing among other things that she had seen him pay his wife the \$500 for a divorce. She denied that she had any share in the murders.

Next Judge Green exploded a bombshell into the proceedings by announcing that he had received a telegram from Robert Thompson, the so-called "mystery man," and that Thompson was on his way to Birmingham to testify.

When he did put in an appearance in the courtroom it was obvious to everyone that he bore no resemblance to Hawes. Moreover, he asserted that he had not been in Birmingham since at least two weeks before the murders, and submitted proof of his whereabouts since leaving the city. He also denied that he had an affair with Mrs. Hawes.

COL. TALIAFERRO, one of the finest orators in the legal profession, made an impassioned appeal in an effort to save the no-longer-debarran engineer from the gallows. The prosecution merely summed up its case by recounting the various witnesses' testimony, and asked for the extreme penalty, death by hanging.

The trial ended on the tenth day in the verdict, "Guilty." (Fannie Bryant got life imprisonment for her share in the crime, while Patterson received a life sentence for turning state's evidence.)

Various legal moves kept the doomed man alive throughout that year. Finally, on Jan. 14, 1890, the appeal to the Supreme Court having failed, Judge

Continued on Page 11

Count Salm's Suicide Ends Strange Life

By DAVID INGRAM

AN INCONSPICUOUS little dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, has just told of the reported suicide of Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten, former and first husband of the fabulous Millicent Rogers.

The inconspicuous dispatch—the only inconspicuous thing in the whole life of the dashing Count—declares the ex-Austrian cavalry officer took his life in Budapest and left a note for the authorities, giving ill-health as his reason.

Private sources, however, assert that his inability to produce sufficient "ransom" to evade anti-Jewish reprisals was the real reason. At any rate, he is reported to have leaped out of a third-story window of the Budapest Dunaplova Hotel.

So ended the career of Count Salm, always a singularly impetuous gentleman despite the fact that he used to play tennis with the King of Sweden and made his way through the highest circles with ease and grace.

It was a strange end to a strange life, but the oddest thing was always happening to the Count.

HE FIRST came into some slight notice in the twenties as a crack tennis player on the continent, and in 1923 he had the extreme pleasure of meeting Millicent Rogers in Paris.

Millicent was barely twenty at the time, if she was that, and a most romantic young lady. She was also heiress-apparent to the \$30,000,000 of her father, Col. Henry H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame.

She returned to New York from Paris; the Count abandoned his tennis playing to follow. There was a whirlwind courtship, which culminated on Jan. 8, 1924, when Millicent startled her parents and New York society by dashing to the Municipal Building and marrying Count Salm.

The Count was having one of his impetuous moments, so Millicent had to buy her own wedding ring and pay all the

incidental expenses—which were numerous.

Papa Rogers was not pleased but Millicent's money took the honeymoon pair to Paris—where the money gave out, and Count Salm and his heiress found themselves dancing for a pittance in various cafes on the Boulevards.

PRESENTLY, Papa Rogers took himself, his displeasure and a lawyer across to Paris. There were all sorts of intricate negotiations and at their end, the Count parted with his young wife in return for a settlement reported to be as high as \$350,000.

At any rate, Millicent came back to New York with her father and on Sept. 27, 1924, her son, Peter Salm, was born at the Rogers' estate, "Port of Missing Men," near Southampton, L. I.

The Count, at that moment, was enjoying himself by the blue waters of the Riviera, but that winter he betook himself to the Rogers estate at Palm Beach, where he became acquainted with his baby but was kept at arms' length by the Rogers family.

Soon afterward, there was a great uproar at Palm Beach when private detectives fired at strange men prowling about the Rogers property. It seemed that an attempt had been made to kidnap Peter.

The affairs of the Count and of Millicent then quieted down until 1926 when the Count brought a separation suit in the New York courts. There was some sort of a settlement and the suit was dropped.

However, there were more legal fireworks almost immediately when Millicent went into the Parisian courts and asked for an absolute divorce. She



Millicent Rogers, former wife of Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten. The count recently committed suicide, reports say.

said that soon after her marriage her titled husband began to show "a difficult character" and "took an offensive attitude" toward his bride. He cruelly suggested that she should make her home in France and also turned out to have a fondness for travel.

THIS WANDERING life, Millicent declared was "intolerable" because she could never enjoy any fixed home and family life. Moreover, the Count, Millicent said, had never provided for her financial needs and so she had to constantly appeal to her family for money. Furthermore the Count had made "certain undesirable acquaintances" and had also called his wife names.

The Count, not to be outdone, went into court with an action for separation. And he had a little list of grievances, too. He said that the heiress, soon after the marriage, "began to show a selfish and despotic character" and had attempted to make her noble husband play a "secondary role." On top of that she had left him and moved to a separate hotel.

The French judges decided they might as well hear the two suits, together, and ended up by granting both petitions, and thus satisfying everybody.

Millicent was awarded custody of little Peter, although the Count was given permission to visit the boy and have a voice in his education.

There was great rejoicing at all this at the Rogers home in New York and Millicent took the occasion to give out an interview warning American girls against marrying foreigners unless they had been engaged long

enough to have had their first falling out over Count Salm. The Count didn't like the dashing Austrian tennis player Mrs. Rogers did.

Whereupon, there were all sorts of rumors that the Count would marry his ex-mother-in-law. The Count said he hadn't the remotest idea of doing any such thing.

Matters in the Rogers family grew steadily more complicated, however, when the Count went through another divorce and married for the third time.

Millicent also had her troubles with Senator Ramos and so she divorced him.

Count Salm continued playing tennis with the crowned heads of Europe.

In 1935 the Colonel died and left nearly \$1,000,000 to Peter Salm then at the ripe old age of 11.

COUNT SALM was in Vienna when he heard about that, and through his lawyers he immediately sought to have the New York courts appoint a guardian for his millionaire son. The Count said that Millicent, who in every respect a perfect mother, was not sufficiently well versed in the ways of the business world to look out for little Peter's interests.

While all this was going on, Millicent was married in Vienna to her third husband, Ramon Balcom, handsome New York stock broker.

Count Salm did not get on very well with his guardianship suit. In fact, he did not get on at all.

Then in 1939 when the Nazis rolled into Austria, Millicent hastily moved out for fear Peter would be declared a Nazi subject and thus be central



Count Salm and son, Peter, Count awarded Millicent custody of boy but the count was permitted to visit him.

enough to obtain real knowledge of the temper and temperament of their fiancées.

Moreover, she flatly announced, "If I ever marry again, it will be an American for me."

ABOUT SIX months later, she married Arturo Ramos, a gentleman from the Argentine, who had been one of Count Salm's old friends in Paris.

Shortly afterwards, Millicent's father and mother began to disagree, there was a divorce and Col. Rogers married Mrs. Margaret Miles, thus catching up with his daughter in the matrimonial race. Incidentally, Col. Rogers and his first wife were

Switzerland. Peter was then 14. Count Salm, then more impetuous than ever, petitioned for his son to support him to the tune of \$30,000 a year, and likewise asked the courts to fix an annual allowance for his—the Count's—75-year-old mother.

The Count said he was broke—which was probably true.

The Count's lawyer said: "The law is pretty clear. Where a parent is impoverished, it is the duty of a well-to-do

Continued on Page 12



Millicent Rogers and her third husband, Ronald Balcom, New York stock broker whom she married in Vienna.

World's Two Greatest Vegetarian Murderers Near Doom

By ANTHONY MERRILL

THE TWO most bloodthirsty murderers in the world today, who by a quaint quirk of fate happen to be vegetarians, are showing progressive signs of physical deterioration, in proportion to the rotting and crumbling of their empires and dreams of world conquest.

Hitler and Mussolini, chief of the international underworld of cruelty and death, are fast becoming the wasted and shrunken shadows of the supermen they believed themselves to be.

High priests in the worship of physical prowess, principles which they promulgated by the steel and lead of once mighty armaments, they are showing unmistakable evidence today of losing not only their empires but their health as well.

And with the developments of the past few days, particularly the attempt to bomb Hitler out of the German high command picture and into sudden oblivion, coupled with strong indications of nothing revolt, within the ranks of the Nazis, the loss of empire, health and life may not be far off for Adolf and his Fascist satellite.

These two fanatical vegetarians, who shrank in fastidious horror from eating the flesh of animals but who did not hesitate to plunge their murderous weapons of war and hate into the flesh of humanity, are fast discovering that there is something wrong with their diet.

Mussolini, since he was top-

pled ignominiously from his flimsy throne of a pseudo-Caesar, is reported to have lost more than 50 pounds. His bland restricted diet of milk and fruit and honey has failed to heal the gnawing pain which his physicians have diagnosed as due to recurrent duodenal ulcers.

HITLER, who has long subsisted on concoctions of fruit and vegetables, non-alcoholic beer and a special brew of apple juice and egg yolk, has also lost weight and vitality, and the condition of his nerves, unpredictable at best, is causing considerable concern to leaders in the Third Reich.

There is no secrecy about Mussolini's condition, because in a recent interview after the surrender of Italy and his repudiation by his own people, he talked very frankly about his ill health, with the self-pity and zest of the true hypochondriac who enjoys telling about his operation.

"I have had duodenal ulcers for more than 20 years," he said. "In 1923 I had my first hemorrhage, which Prof. Giuseppe Rastanelli cured. I carried on well after that for some years,



A far cry from their 1940 meeting shows an emaciated Mussolini. Sunken eyes, drawn flesh on face and ill-filled coat show clearly how the former Italian leader has lost weight. Hitler, too, has failed, as latest photo, left, shows. Gone is fullness of face, sparkle of eye and double chin of the Nazi mastermind. Physical and mental ailments have plagued the two murderous vegetarians.

ut in 1929 I was threatened by another hemorrhage.

"I have always been a vegetarian. In fact, I took an excess of cold milk and fresh fruits. For weeks I would live on nothing but milk, several ounces of honey and a lot of fruit."

Going into further details, the once doughty Duce confided that on June 5, 1943, a few hours before leaving for Sicily on the first lap of his journey into oblivion, he suffered another hemorrhage.

"I was cured by a milk diet and local applications of ice," Mussolini continued. "Between then and today I lost 22 kilograms, one-third of my weight. Dr. Frugoni told me it was due to being run down. I don't want to eat anything any more, but the doctor makes me take something."

AND POINTING a moral to his tale, Mussolini added: "What interests me is not my physical condition but my moral personality. Man ought not to

care about his physical state; want to put in practice the philosophical theory which philosophers call primitivism."

This from Mussolini, who went to boast, even in his approaching senility, that he could outrun and out-swim and out-box the young and vigorous soldiers of his army—who insist upon newspaper photographs and newsreels which showed his synthetic agility, his faked muscular strength, and an athletic prowess as phony as his master pretensions to power and world domination.

This from Mussolini, with 1 record of bloodshed and cruelty as monstrous in intention, if not in effect, as that of his superior in world crime, Adolf Hitler.

Mussolini, while plotting and carrying out the massacre of helpless and unarmed Ethiopians, while gloating over the mutilation and torture of Greek soldiers, the starvation of their women and children, and the deliberate and savage persecution of Jews who were his own

Fat, jolly and confident were Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler when they posed four years ago with Nazi Gen. von Epp to decide fate of France. Note well-filled uniforms, layers of fat on neck and double chins of Duce and Der Fuehrer.

countrymen, had been posing to the world as a rugged, rough-hewn individual, a soldier among his soldiers, a man among men.

ONLY SINCE his decline into dis grace and senility has he admitted his long illness. In former days he built up the legend of being an all-Italian athlete—a five-letter man who rode wild horses, skied on the slopes of the Alps, played tennis, swam the width of the Tiber, and won prizes swinging a scythe when the wheat was ripe in the reclaimed Pontine marshes.

Yet now with a whine for sympathy he confesses that he was a sick man all these years—not the ravaged gladiator which he forced his nation to believe him, but a milk-and-honey weakling, putting up a brave bluff of strength and health so that his people would believe him the mighty leader which his own egomaniacal dreams depicted him.

Nor has his demonic master Adolf Hitler escaped the same fate, and today he, too, as is obvious from his latest pictures and plainly reported from Berlin, has found that his rigidly vegetarian diet lacks something essential to health.

Hitler's diet was more varied than Mussolini's. Although his delicate sensibilities have always been offended by the sight of meat he was definitely a gourmand. He had, as even those closest to him attest, a voracious appetite.

Although a rasher of bacon or a broiled filet of fish would send shudders down his sensitive spine at breakfast time, he managed to consume quite a morning meal. There was always fruit, and a barley cereal he particularly fancied. The rest of breakfast usually consisted in a variety of sweet breads, made by a

Continued on Page 11

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

BEST WISHES TO ONE OF OUR IMPORTANT NEW brides-elect . . . Edith Child Bancroft, who is slated to become the future Mrs. C. A. Philippe von Hemert, "Edie" . . . who shines brightly in our young social set . . . is the daughter of Guy Bancroft of Boston and Cohasset, and the late Mrs. Bancroft.

She attended Beantown's ever-so-fashionable Winsor School . . . graduated from the equally fashionable Westover School . . . debbed with the 1941-42 bird flock and holds membership in the Junior League and Vincent Club.

Her fiance . . . a USNR ensign . . . is the son of the A. Philippe von Hemerts of New York, who have a summer place on University lane at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Ens. von Hemert prepped at St. Mark's and attended Princeton University. He received his commission at Cornell University's naval training school and at the moment is stationed in Florida.

★ ★ ★

AN OUTSTANDING wedding of the week just over took place in Belmont's Our Lady of Mercy Church, where the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D. D., administrator of the Boston archdiocese, officiated at the late afternoon ceremony at which Ruth Holland became the bride of James J. Cotter of Belmont.

The former Miss Holland, daughter of Mr. George H. Holland of Belmont, was given in marriage by her brother, Sampson Philip Holland of Washington.



EDITH BANCROFT

ton, D. C. She was gowned in white marquisette, appliqued in satin, her fingertip tulle veil was wreathed in orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was white gladioli and stephanotis.

Mrs. Edward Harrison Ladd, Jr., of Lincoln, and Mrs. John Richard Elliott of Canaan, Ct., were their sister's attendants. They wore both frocked alike in white marquisette, and their bouquets of pink roses and blue delphinium matched their floral headpieces.

George Holland, the bride's brother, performed best man duties for Mr. Cotter, whose usher staff included Dr. John Richard Elliott, Edward Harrison Ladd, Jr., Leo Macdonald, Capt. Francis Holland, AUS, and John Francis Holland.

Following a Canadian trip, Mr. Cotter and his bride will make their home in Belmont.

SNAPSHOTS: Mrs. Anson Hilliard and her small daughter, Sonya, in town for a bit of last-minute shopping before depart-



MRS. DAVID HENDRICKSON TAYLOR . . . the former Constance Matless . . . will be among the smart North Shores assisting at Thursday's benefit fair for St. John's Episcopal Church, Beverly Farms.

ing for summer headquarters up in Kennebunkport, Me. . . Janet and Betty Robinson in a foursome with two dashing young Navy officers atop the Sheraton Roof . . . Mrs. Charles Fanning Ayer, looking the essence of chic in chalk white crepe, topped by a bright red shiny straw hat, at a recent North Shore fete . . . Mrs. James Amory Sullivan, (at same affair), brimmed natural straw with her varietal brown print . . . Also glimpsed Mrs. William S. Pier (Reinette Plimpton) in shell pink linen . . . Mrs. Frederick Dearborn . . . the former Pauline Moore . . . in delft blue frock, monogrammed in white, shopping at Hamilton with her twin sons . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sumner R. Hollander enjoying an afternoon at the Suffolk Downs race track . . . navy hat with the latter's navy and white acroft print . . . Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Donnell, of Needham and North Scituate, entertaining dinner guests at the Ritz-Carlton . . . becoming little rose pink calot with Mrs. O'Donnell's aqua suit . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Donnelly (Alicia Tumbulty) dining at same spot . . . white cloche hat above the latter's black and white checked suit . . . Patricia Howe indulging in a bit of tennis out at Longwood Cricket Club . . . Helen Whitney waiting for the lights to change at Beacon and Charles . . . matching sandals with her cherry red linen frock . . . Eleanor Graham chatting with friends on Boylston st. . . lime accessories with her brown shantung suit, fashioned with full pleated skirt . . . tres chic.

★ ★ ★
MRS. JOHN CUTLER . . . the former Nancy Shaw . . . is spending the summer with her parents, the Quincey A. Shaws of Prides Crossing.

Marblehead Show

GARDEN CLUBS Service to hospitals for the armed forces will benefit from the annual Marblehead Flower and Vegetable Show, set for Friday and Saturday in Abbot Hall, Marblehead, under the auspices of the Arrangers of Marblehead and the Marblehead Garden Club.

Sharing chairman honors for the benefit show are Mrs. Hanson Hart Webster and Mrs. Guy Montrose Whipple, with Mrs. Francis B. Crowninshield looking after the setting.

Also doing their particular bit for the two-day exhibit are Mrs. Marquis S. Smith, Mrs. Nathaniel P. Simonds, Mrs. Lloyd P. Shildneck, Mrs. Robert Moore, Mrs. Harold Hodgkinson, Mrs. Lawrence B. Brown, Mrs. Charles A. Purinton, Mrs. Arthur L. Swasey and Mrs. Arthur Sharp.

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Blue, lilac or bright red flowers
on cool white backgrounds.
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Third Floor



MRS. JOHN E. BUTTRICK, Charles Francis Adams . . . president of Greater Boston's War Fund . . . and Mrs. Henry A. Laughlin, snapped by the ever-present cameraman, at the opening day of National War Fund race week at the Suffolk Downs track.

Mrs. Buttrick tops her smart azure blue and black two-piece silk suit with a tiny veiled black chapeau. Erin green calot with Mrs. Laughlin's smart checked outfit.

Gay Dinner Dances

QUITE THE gayest happenings in the gay Winthrop colony are the Saturday evening dinner dances at the Winthrop Club . . . at which officers from the naval aviation station at Hyannis are guests of the young socialites summering at the popular Cape Cod resort.

Another popular event is the Wednesday evening soiree, featuring the "Champagne Dance," when this week by Barbara Edgar and Oscar Bush.

Among these entertaining at dinner at the club house recently were Mr. and Mrs. Erling Samuelson of Larchmont, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Kier and her daughter, Baroness Pellenec; Mr. and Mrs. William T. Gossett, Dr. and Mrs. J. Terry West, Dr. and Mrs. Fritz Talbot, Mrs. Nathan Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike Island, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gould.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Haskell Crocker of Milton and their children, Eleanor, Elizabeth and Robert, have arrived at the Winthrop Club for the remainder of the season. Other recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Dixon of Memphis, Mrs. Edward Evans of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Del Mar of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Leon Farley and daughter of Newtonville, Mrs. Samuel P. Howe of Cleveland, N. J., and her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Savage of Baltimore, Md. and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swope of Baltimore.

ELEANOR MURRAY and Helen Metcalf of Allston are week-ending over in New York.

Bunker-Bush Wedding

ALONG COMES announcement from Mr. and Mrs. S. Dacre Bush, 2d, of Dedham, of the marriage of their daughter, Mary Franklin Bush, USNR (W), to John Philip Bunker, USNR, son of the Philip Bunker Bunkers of West Roxbury.

Mary . . . who has recently completed her yeoman training out in Stillwater, Okla., and is now on duty in Brunswick, Me. . . is a Milton Academy graduate, class of '41, and belongs to the Junior League and Vincent Club.

The bridegroom was graduated from Roxbury Latin in '38, and four years later received his degree from Harvard College, and is now stationed at Harvard Medical School, from which he will graduate next June.

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK WHELAN, and their children, Hilda and Marjorie, are here from New York, visiting at the North Shore summer place of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mitchell.

MRS. JAMES J. PHELAN and her daughter, Mrs. Paul A. Lyons, are guesting at the New Ocean House, Swampscott.

Looking Ahead

An interesting North Shore happening . . . the annual Field Day, arranged by Ipswich summer and year-round residents, for the benefit of the town's quaint little Ascension Church, will be held the final Saturday in August on duty in the church grounds.

Among those taking active part in planning the gala event are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cameron Burrage (on whose estate, "Candlewood Farm" the fair was always held prior to the war), Mrs. Norman Armour . . . the former Cynthia Burrage . . . Mary Curtis, Dr. and Mrs. John M. Chamberlain, Mrs. Roger Sturgis Warner and her daughter, Rachel.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN T. LONERGAN, and their daughter, Helen, have joined the vacation colony up in York Harbor, Me.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS JENKINS of Waltham have departed for their summer spot in the Adirondacks.

Beverly Farms Fete Will Attract North Shorers

By ALICE WILLIAMS

SMART FOLK SUMMERING ON THE NORTH Shore turn with a great deal of enthusiasm to the "Rector's Fair" for the benefit of St. John's Church . . . Episcopal edifice at Beverly Farms . . . slated for next Thursday, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Nathaniel S. Simpkins, 3d.

The annual fete . . . held on the grounds surrounding the charming little stone church . . . is of the utmost interest to the children as well as grownups along the entire shore . . . and draws a particularly brilliant attendance.

An exciting program has been planned by the arranging committee, and there will be nary a dull moment for the fairgoers from the 10:30 o'clock morning opening through the evening entertainment in the parish hall.

Miss Alice Thorndike, aided by Mrs. Thomas MacKenzie, will direct the serving of the noon-day repast, and afternoon tea will be dispensed under the guidance of Mrs. Augustus N. Rantoul and Mrs. J. Tuckerman Dick, assisted by a bevy of young chaperons.

FOR THOSE who wish to take a peek into the future, there will be a teller of fortunes on hand . . . of course there'll be a rummage table, always a popular spot at events of this kind. Mrs. Alvin S. Sortwell and her daughter, Elise (Mrs. Alfred Sweet, Jr.) are in charge of the clothing section, and on duty in the bric-a-brac department will be Mrs. Wallace Goodrich (whose husband will again serve as cashier for the rummage salesladies). Working under the "rummage banner" will be Mrs. Charles E. Coting, Mrs. John Howe, Mrs. Paul Bertelson, Mrs. Charles Carney, Mrs. E. Sturgis Hinds, Miss Elizabeth Pousland, Miss Clara Winthrop, Miss Katherine Lane, Mrs. Robert Lowell, Mrs. Louis Curtis, Mrs. Henry Fowning, Mrs. Frank Preston, and Mrs. John A. Eaton.

Treasures from estates along the North Shore will be found at the Ebelot Table, where Mrs. Ward Theron will be assisted by Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, Madam Edouard de Strool . . . the former Helen Lodge . . . Mrs. Rufus Lentner Sewall, Mrs. W. Endicott Dexter, Mrs. Thomas Metcalf, Mrs. George M. Cushing, and Mrs. David H. Taylor.

Mrs. Henry Erhard's Sicilian cart will lend a gay splash of color to the flower stall, which is right next door to Mrs. Russell Burrage's vegetable booth.

Lucky number dancing, with exciting prizes to the winners, will bring to a close the evening cabaret and dance, under the management of the Couples Club . . . always a popular feature of the annual church fair.

KATHERINE SELDEN MOULTON is a brand new member of

the bride-elect set. Her engagement to Calvin Henry Baker, Jr., USCGR, son of the Calvin Henry Bakers of Chatham, N. J., is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moulton of Wellesley Hills.

Miss Moulton was graduated from Beaver Country Day and Vassar College.



Dinner At Home

Startling as an exclamation—this wrap-over rippling fronter in tri-colors. Navy with white suspender inserts, border pink sash; grey with chartruese and coral, aqua with chartruese and purple . . . \$4.90

Sizes 10 to 18

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Jays Joseph Pines Boston

Escape Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it similar to its former natural shade. In one day if you wish. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and shimmering new color even after shampooing, styling or waving.

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Pure, colorless and crystalline. Proved harmless at one of America's Greatest Universities. A BLIND TEST 30 years without failure to a single user. No other product can make old thinning hair grow again. \$1.15 at drug stores



Leading dealers in most of America's largest cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair-coloring combinations.

SALE

Yes — it's time for the ANNUAL SALE at the Mary Burns Shop! It's to be a clearance of a complete and exquisite stock of slightly used evening gowns, wedding dresses, wraps, bridesmaids' and dinner dresses. They're all lovely, different gowns.

\$1.95 \$3.95 AND UP

MARY BURNS SHOP 100 Summer St., Boston

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Heat-Waiving Eyelash Pique

For the good old Summertime, a beautiful pattern in the simplest of square-necked styles in white that you can "do up" with the greatest of ease. Sleeveless with applique clusters 29.90

In Misses' Sizes SECOND FLOOR

Jays Joseph Pines Boston

Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

LACONIA, N. H., AND ITS ENVIRONS continue to attract a goodly number of Bay Staters on vacation . . . where many have opened their houses for the first time in several months. Many of the "summer folks" will take part in the mobilization of the Civil Air Patrol at the Laconia Airport this week-end, where maneuvers and spot landing contests are attracting crowds.

Campers in the Mirror Lake district are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Durling of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Porter of Malden, the latter at "Camp Lay-off" . . . Mrs. Ralph Beattie and Mrs. George Richardson of Medford are spending the summer at "Birchgate," Center Sandwich . . . Mrs. William F. Furbush of Wellesley has been a recent guest of the James Winters at the latter's cottage on Governors Island.

Now that Richard G. Norris and his family of Chestnut Hill are in their cottage on Garret st., plans are being made for a series of sailing races on August week-ends with Mr. Norris, who is chairman of the sailing committee of the Lake Sunapee Yacht Club, in charge. The Fred B. Chamberlains of Winchester have opened their Kurehaven cottage . . . The Paul Hodges family and the Guy Norrises of Boston are in their respective houses at Sunapee harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fulton and their daughter, Mrs. Everett Winslow of Melrose have arrived at their summer home at the harbor . . . Fred Guttererson of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson I. Quinton of Hudson and W. S. Lauthin of Boston are at the Sunapee Harbor House.

At the New London Inn arrivals include Julius Keltin, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Vernon of Boston and Mrs. R. A. Whidden. Mr. and Mrs. E. Rand Hanere of West Newton.

Miss Delia Donohue of Brockline is at the Maplewood, New London . . . Mrs. Florence Howes Kent of Newton is spending a couple of weeks at the Indian Tree Guest House . . . Rachel L. MacTeer and Ellis J. MacTeer of Wollaston are at the Edgewood . . . Twin Lake Villa guests from the Boston area are Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Rockwell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Rockwell of West Medford, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sinclair, Margaret and Alice O'Brien of Arlington, Clara Stinson of Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foley of Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Finn of Medford, Mr. and Mrs. James Farren, Charles B. Young, Esther Higgins of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Frost, Shirley Frost of Milton, Adelaide Morton of Somerville, Barbara Helpin and Charlotte Darren of Hyde Park.

Vacation Specials Shampoos, Wave, Cut Included

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Super A Wave For Fine Hair \$5
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Luxurious Shampoo \$3.00
and Styled Finger Wave Complete

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Bay Staters At Art Colony

Combining art with vacations are a number of Massachusetts vacationists in Maine . . . who are attending the 14th Annual Watercolor Gallery of the famous artist, Eliot O'Hara, who has been released from the camouflage section of the Navy for the summer.

Mrs. William H. Flood of Wellesley is among those at the Goose Rocks. Mr. school . . . Others are S. H. Blodgett of Waban, Mrs. Alice J. Caren of Newtonville, Mrs. Marjorie T. Crosby of Melrose, Mary Jane Crowley of Dedham, Roy W. Baker and Mrs. John L. Brandegee of Falmouth.

Others are Laura E. Kepler of Brockline, Mrs. Robert Kramer, Lexington, Priscilla Ordway, Newton Center, and Mrs. W. A. Peters of Seattle, Washington and Boston. A. J. Freedman of New Bedford, Carl N. Schmalz of Belmont, and Mrs. Howard Stanley Tobey of Melrose are also at the O'Hara studios.

All-Day Sale at Wianno

MRS. J. MOTT HALLOWELL of Chestnut Hill . . . prominent in the smart Wianno summer colony . . . will direct the all-day sale which the New England Farm and Garden Association will hold next Thursday in the Wianno Club, from 11 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon.

Serving on Mrs. Hallowell's sales staff are Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Mrs. Joseph C. Carney, Mrs. George Hunter, Mrs. Edward K. Davis and her daughter, Florence; Mrs. Fritz B. Talbot, Mrs. James Hinkle, Miss Jean Hinkle, Mrs. Edward W. Gould, Jr., Mrs. B. Allen Rowland, Mrs. William M. Shedden, Mrs. William C. Bradley and Mrs. Wilbur C. Cook.

Serving With Waves

Pvt. Bernice Gordenstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gordenstein of 316 Summit ave., Boston, is a photographer serving at the U. S. Marine Corps Air Station at the Marines Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Assigned to Oklahoma

En route for Stillwater, Okla., is Seaman 2-c Mary Elizabeth Moroney, of Alpine st., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Moroney. Her brother, William J., is also in the Navy, on active duty in the Atlantic.

Advertisement

Advertisement

Extra Swims for Women ... thanks to Tampax

This modern monthly sanitary protection may be worn in the water.

Summer at best is all too short and for women who love to swim the customary "belt-pin-pad days" can bring bitter disappointment. . . . But a great many women have now adopted a method of monthly sanitary protection that is quite different from the "usual." This is the Tampax method—and Tampax may be worn in lake, pool or ocean because it is worn internally.

The principle of internal absorption is by no means new to the medical profession—and now Tampax makes it available for women generally. . . . Highly absorbent cotton is compressed in dainty applicators. The hands need never touch the Tampax and when it is in place the user is unaware of its presence. . . . No belts, no pins, no external pads with Tampax—no bulk, no chafing, no odor!



Take Tampax with you on vacation. It is compact to carry, quick to change, easy to dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax is sold at drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Don't forget to try Tampax for those "extra" swims. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

SUNDAY ADVERTISER WEEK-END REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1944—Page 9

Miss Sheehan Weds Officer

MR. AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER R. SHEEHAN of Jamaica Plain, announce the recent marriage of their daughter, Virginia, to Lt. Raymond C. Delaney, USA, son of John J. Delaney of Milton.

The bride is a graduate of Regis College. Her husband is stationed in New Jersey where the couple will make their home.

Clearance of Clogs at Clyde's, 2.49



Just in time for your vacation . . . wear these colorful "Gay Escapades" on the beach, with slacks dancing . . . red, blue, yellow or green wooden soles with bright print tops . . . 4 to 8, no coupons necessary . . . now only 2.49! Clyde's Shoe store is at 455 Washington St. Add 15c for mail orders.

C. CRAWFORD HOLLIDGE

Treatment at Temple Plaza

Fashion  Authority

Yes!
It Is True!

C. Crawford Hollidge IS opening a "year-round" shop in Wellesley about September first! An attractive shop—where parking is not a problem—air-conditioned comfort is assured—and the loveliest clothes of a new season will capture your eye—and heart.

Yes, the eternal search of the fashion-alert will be facilitated at C. Crawford Hollidge in Wellesley. You'll find QUALITY the keynote, just as it is in our Boston shop—and at Hyannis.

Golfers and Yachtsmen

Arthur Leman was winner and E. W. Danielson runner-up in the successful Flag Tournament held last week at Wannamoose Golf Course.

Golf players this week included Mrs. J. J. Bodell and daughters, Jean and Margaret of Providence, Mr. Don Campbell and Mrs. Elliott Nugent of New York.

Saturday's race from the Wannamoose Yacht Club was one of the longest of the year, covering a five-mile course. The head winds were strong and the tide was against the racers as they went out through the cut. The winner, Miss Shirley Ellis, sailing her boat "Three Cheers," was clocked at 2:39.

Gilchrist's
Open Monday
1 to
8:30 P. M.



Aimé Pencils
For Hair Coloring

49¢ Plus
2¢ Tax

Easy, harmless way to touch up your hair. Non-greasy, not a dye. Five shades.

QUINCY • BOSTON • WALTHAM



MRS. MARGARET O'RIORDAN, who has been prominently identified with politics for some years and is a candidate for Secretary of State on the Democratic ticket

A Boston girl who has received her basic training as a WAVE in the Bronx, New York, is Edna Frances Manning, seaman second class. Edna is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick P. Manning of Leyland St., Dorchester, and is a graduate of Jeremiah F. Burke High School.



Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

4 Beauty Extras

1. **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2. **LIPS LOOK LOVELY** without frequent re-touching. Try today.
3. **NOT DRYING OR SMEARY**. Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4. **STYLE SHADES**. Try Military Red, rich, glowing, admired by beauty editors. 6 other shades.

De luxe size \$1. Redlip 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder and rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores.

Bostonians Relaxing In Southern Maine

Southern Maine's rocky coast and verdant woods have beguiled Greater Bostonians for many seasons, and this summer there is a considerable representation of Massachusetts on the hotel registers.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Daugherty of West Newton are spending a month at Popham Beach. . . . Mrs. Joanne and Nancy Blanchard of Wollaston are at Stratton. . . . Mrs. Leonard Wheeler and her daughter Eunice, and Louisa Cheever, of Worcester, have arrived at the Sayward House at York Harbor for the season. . . . Mrs. Benjamin B. Snow, journalist, also of Worcester, has arrived at Westbury for her 20th summer.

At Seabury, Me., are Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Buell of Boston and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kennedy Buell. . . . Mrs. Edward Scripture and daughters, Joan and Anne. . . . Mrs. Eugene Reid of Jamaica Plain and Rebecca Parsons of Revere.

The Old Orchard contingent includes Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cohen and family of Boston, Jennie E. Shephardson and Emma Smith of North Easton, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wall and daughter Marion of Arlington.

Ethel McLeod of Cambridge has arrived at Bluff Beach for the summer. At Kennebunk Beach for the season are Mrs. C. Arthur Adams of Andover, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reed, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Gene Zammarchi and twin daughters, Jean and Edna, all of South Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Prince and daughter, Abigail, of Melrose Highlands; Mr. and Mrs. Walter McBain of Worcester, who are at their cottage, "The Outlook"; Mr. and Mrs. Merrill S. June and children of Worcester, at "Tread-a-Notch"; and Mrs. Herbert M. Cole of West Newton at "Colbyne."

Vacationers Relax On Cape Shore

ENJOYING THE sands at Oyster Harbors are two youngsters, Danny and Marcia Rice, who with their mother, Mrs. Marjorie Rice, are vacationing here.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett P. Stone of Winchester, with their son, Stephanie, and daughter, Carolyn. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Beggs of Lincoln and their five children. . . . and Mrs. William B. Chitt, and son, William, 3d, are all here.

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN
Pvt. Phoebe A. Cannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cannon, 125 Park dr. Boston, has been assigned to Camp Crowder, Missouri.

Taking basic instruction at the Third WAC Training Center, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., is Pvt. Anna F. Smith, daughter of William T. Smith, state income tax assessor, of 66 Endicott st. Dedham. Formerly an elementary teacher in Dedham, she is the niece of Comdr. Charles Smith of the Merchant Marine.

Y 3c Alice J. Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Jackson of 134 Athens st., So. Boston was graduated from the Naval Training School for yeomen, Stillwater, Okla. She is stationed at staff headquarters, First Naval District, Boston.

Assigned to WAC recruiting at Hamilton Field, Cal., is Lt. Barbara Bradford of the Air WACS. She was formerly a teacher at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Doris E. Gilley, USMC (W. R.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Chase, 48 Elm st., Melrose, has been promoted from corporal to sergeant at the Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C. She is assigned here as a radio operator in the control tower at the largest air station in the Marine Corps.

WAVE Carolyn Carver Stetcher, USNR, of Cambridge, has been promoted to Y 1c at the Navy Communications School at Northampton.

WAVE Miriam Ethel Peterson of Melrose Highlands is betrothed to Ensign William Milne, USNAC, son of Mrs. Jane D. Milne of Brighton. The bride-elect is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. William J. Peterson, and is stationed at Whiting Field, Milton, Fla. Her fiancé is at Pensacola, Fla.

Marie Patricia Dwyer, of Orchard st., Jamaica Plain, is another WAVE recruit, with the rating of seaman second class. Her job is that of cable censor in a New York base. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dwyer, and was associated with the Farrington Mfg. Co. of Jamaica Plain.

Another girl in navy blue is Muriel J. Wolff, seaman second class, daughter of Mrs. J. E. Backlund of Lawn st., Roxbury. She is rated as a specialist (S.), and has been assigned to the Naval Training School in the Bronx, New York, and will remain there for further instruction.

Pvt. Celia A. Peters, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Curran, 40 Worcester sq., Boston, is a member of the Marine Corps (W. R.) and is assigned to the Headquarters Battalion, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., as a post exchange clerk.

WAVE Martha Webster, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Webster of Hamilton, will soon become the bride of Ensign Edwin Rogers Sparrow, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Sparrow of Belmont.

Reporting for duty at the Naval Base, Cape May, N. J., is Seaman 2/c Lillian Gertrude Morse, daughter of William Morse of 533 Bennington st., East Boston. A former student at St. Mary's School and East Boston High, she has two brothers serving in the South Pacific, Charles in the Navy and William in the Marines.

For Women Officers

Boston's Advertising Club has thrown its headquarters in the Hotel Statler open on Sundays to officers of the WAC, WAVES, SPARS, MARINES, and Army and Navy nurses. . . . in these centrally located headquarters the patly feminine officers may freshen up for a date, write letters, get all sorts of information about trains, theaters and Boston sight-seeing — or just relax and chat. Women members of the Advertising Club are on hand to welcome the girls and make them feel at home. Plans are under way, we hear, for Sunday afternoon teas and cocktail parties in the fall.

Auxiliary Installs V. F. W. Officers

MRS. MARION GRANT was installed as president of the Massachusetts department of Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary.

Serving on her staff will be Agnes Morrison, Medford, senior vice-president; Helen Holmes, Rockland, junior vice-president; Theresa Stacy, Boston, secretary-treasurer.

Other officers are Amy Renoit, Somerville; Norma Kelly, Cambridge; Marie McDonald, Charlestown; Claire O'Neil, Brookline; Beatrice Quinn, Lynn; Hazel Babbitt, Quincy, and Carolyn Herbert, Lynn.

Also Gloria Morrison, Middleboro; Alice Peterson, Auburn; Ellen DeGroot, Revere; Eva McGillicuddy, Roxbury; Elizabeth Linehan, Randolph; Frances Ober, Roxbury, and Hilda Wallace, Dorchester.

The district presidents include Margaret Hillen, Revere; Sara Smith, Cambridge; Mary Duart, Taunton; Gertrude O'Keefe, Worcester, and Mary McEvoy, Lynn.

Boston Girls

With the Navy

Winifred Addie Wheeler of Cumston pl., Boston, has completed her basic training at the Naval Training School in New York City and additional study at the University of New Hampshire. She has been assigned to the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, with a rating of seaman 2c.

Stationed at 15 Charles st. (it used to be the Lincolnshire), is Seaman 2c Sylvia Rosenblatt of McLeellan st., Dorchester. Sylvia is doing office work, finding her training at Boston Clerical and Comptometer School most valuable. She has two brothers overseas with the Army and two sisters in the SPARS, which is something of a record.

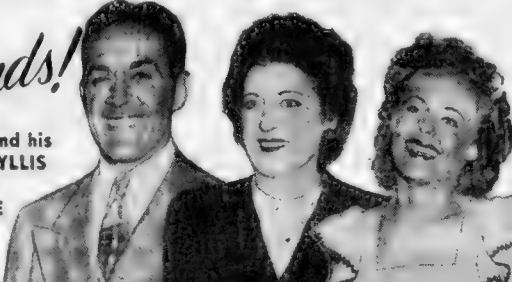
Attention, Brides



Mendelsohn's is ready for you with a large assortment of bridal and bridesmaids' gowns—veils and wraps—FOR RENT—and for sale. Bridal outfit made to order, if time allows, and materials are on hand. Slightly used evening gowns for sale as low as \$3. MENDELSOHN, 35 Lowell St., open evenings, except Friday—and 32 Temple Place, open Monday night. Adv.

Old Friends!

FRANKIE CARLE and his lovely vocalist PHYLLIS LYNNE greet MADAME YVONNE foremost hair-stylist and coiffurist



And the lustrous hair sheen created by ADMIRACION will also enhance your beauty!

Latest "hair-do" decreed by Fashion and created by Mme Yvonne is the secret to new charm . . . new glamour for milady's hair. I know that you will thrill to this new hair beauty. Heads will turn to admire the natural loveliness of your hair, with its gleaming highlights, its sparkling radiance, when I first stimulate your scalp and hair with the laboratory-tested preparation of the

ADMIRACION SCALP AND HAIR CARE

FRANKIE CARLE and his orchestra are now appearing at RKO Boston Theatre

Madame Yvonne's
the Stars
Beauty Center for
127 TREMONT ST. (OPP. PARK ST.) HUB 0846



THE LOVELY Lamart
—Hedy—is the ever so glamorous star in "The Heavenly Body," now the feature picture at Loew's State.



BETTY HUTTON is one of the four angels—with Dorothy Lamour, Mimi Chandler and Diana Lynn, in "And the Angels Sing," on the Met screen.

Otto Hulett Is On Time

There are few things in modern life of which we can be absolutely certain. But to the list of death and taxes might well be added the certainty that Otto Hulett, of "3 Is a Family," will always be at the theater in plenty of time for each of his performances. As the bespectacled Sam Whitaker who tries housework in this farce comedy at the Colonial, Mr. Hulett touches off many laughs. The piece, incidentally, now enters its 12th Boston week.

Mr. Hulett would just as soon drop the subject, but when Brock Pemberton, the Broadway producer, dropped backstage at the Colonial the other night to visit him, there were naturally laughing reminiscences.

Hulett was with the piece in New York, when one day he "disappeared" and did not show up at the theatre for the matinee. When he didn't appear for that performance it was surely considered that he had fallen a victim of some sort of foul play because actors simply never miss performances. But the fact turned out that Hulett had thought the day was Tuesday, and not Wednesday, which was matinee day.

Search for Local Talent

You can not only swing and sway with Sammy Kaye, starting at K-Boston next Thursday, but you can show off your talents in "So You Want To Be A Star," which is one of the Kaye man's new novelties.

To get in on the big opportunity, all you have to do is go to the Raymor Ballroom at 233 Huntington Ave., on next Wednesday between 2 and 5 p. m., or 7:30 and 10 p. m., when Mr. Kaye's personal representative will hold auditions. If you sing, dance, play a musical instrument or do impersonations, you can enter your application now at the RKO-Boston Theater, by mail or telephone.

The finals in the contest will be held on Aug. 2, the audience will decide the winners and War Bond prizes will be awarded.

EXETER 7067
GAIL PATRICK • DENNIS O'KEEFE
"UP IN
MABEL'S ROOM"
(LIVE) LARRY LITVAK
"CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA"
Thurs.: "SHINE ON
HARVEST MOON"

UPTOWN Hot & Muz. Ave.
The jukebox
HE CONDITIONED
Ann Sheridan • Dennis Morgan
"SHINE ON
HARVEST MOON"
Richard Greene • Anne Moog
"YELLOW CANARY"

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 14—BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1944



PAT O'BRIEN and **Ruth Hussey** in "Marine Raiders," which will have a benefit premiere for the U. S. Marine Corps Rehabilitation Fund at the Keith Memorial on Tuesday, Aug. 1.



EMILY NOBLE and **EDITH GRESH**—AM have a little secret, "3 Is a Family," which continues the hit comedy at the Colonial.

ESPLANADE CONCERT
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor
Tonight at 8:30 p. m.
PROGRAM
March: Militaria Schubert
Overture to "Les Misérables" Beethoven
"Spring" Strauss
Pavane, Symphony No. 4 Tchaikovsky
"Waltz of the Flowers," from the "Nutcracker" suite Tchaikovsky
Mediation from "Thaïs" Massenet
(Solo violin: Gaston Elmer)
Hora Staccato Dvořák
"Pomp and Circumstance" Elgar
March (No concert Monday)

Bing Crosby Selects Greg McClure as 'John Sullivan'

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service

HOLLYWOOD.

THE CONVERSATION I had with Bing Crosby several days ago was not about the world famous crooner, the man who is already mentioned for this year's Oscar because of his performance in "going My Way." It was with

Bing Crosby, the star-maker—the man who was courageous enough to select Greg McClure, an unknown, to play John L. Sullivan in "The Great John L."

Bing had told me previously that it was tough finding a character to portray the sportsman who shook so many hands.

"Selznick had nothing on us," he laughed, "in his search for a character."



Louella Parsons

of big dramatic scenes. Can you act?"

"I try hard," said McClure.

"Well, how about your love making?"

"Oh, that's my specialty," he answered.

"I could see he wanted the job, and he looked exactly like the pictures of the young John Sullivan we had seen, minus, of course, the handlebar on his lip. I turned him over then to Frank Tuttle, the director, and to Frank Mastroly and James Grant, the producers, because his looks meant nothing if he couldn't play the part."

"WHAT was your advice to him," I asked Bing, "it might help some other actor?"

"The first thing I told him,"

Continued on Page 15

At Cambridge

Following the highly successful production of the Jerome Kern musical comedy "Oh, Boy!" by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, starring lovely Patti Pickens at the Cambridge Summer Theatre, the Lillian Hellman masterpiece, "The Little Foxes," with Mabel Acker, will be presented for one week beginning tomorrow night.

The week of July 31 "Here's to Us"—the story of a successful career woman who joins the armed forces—a new play by Shirland Quin, prize-winning Atlantic Monthly novelist, will have its premiere at Brattle Hall prior to Broadway, starring Jean Muir of movie fame. For the week of August 7 through 12 Nancy Carroll will be the guest star at Cambridge in the W. Somerset Maugham hit, "Too Many Husbands."

Grable as "Pin-Up" Girl

Betty Grable in "Pin Up Girl," dazzling Technicolor musical, is at the Washington Street Olympia and Scollay. The cast surrounding La Grable features John Harvey, Martha Raye, Joe E. Brown, the Skating Vanities and Charlie Spivak and his orchestra.

COOL STATE ONE WEEK ONLY
Doors open 12:45 P.M.
M-G-M's
Hilarious Comedy
WM. POWELL
HEDY LAMARR
in
"THE HEAVENLY BODY"
plus
"U-Boat Prisoner"
ORPHEUM 3rd and FINAL WEEK
Doors open 12:45 P.M.
M-G-M's
Unforgettable Romance
"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
Starring
IRENE DUNNE
Plus: Selected Shorts

Work Eng. Mon., July 24
THE OGUNQUIT PLAYHOUSE
Ogunquit, Me.
Presents
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A Comedy by Joseph Kesselring
with
DAISY ATHERTON-ARTHUR JARRETT
Fri. Sat. and Even., 77c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 plus tax

HURRY!
12th WEEK!
Will not be shown at lower prices until 1945!
Franz Werfel's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
A 26 CENTURY FOX PICTURE

THE COOL
MAJESTIC
CONTINUOUS • TODAY FROM 1 P. M.

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
Brattle Hall, Tr. 1489, Harvard Sq.
One Week Only—Fri. Tom's Eve, July 24
Lillian Hellman's Masterpiece
★ "THE LITTLE FOXES"
with MABEL ACKER
Fri.: Even. 8:30-50 to \$1.50 PLUS
Sat. Sat. 2:30-50 to \$1.00 TAX

TELEPIX THE WORLD
TOMORROW'S WORLD
MEXICO—TRAVELOGUE—DUCKS

The Cool COLONIAL 458 LAUGHS!
COUNT 'EM!
JOHN GOLDEN'S
3 IS A FAMILY
12TH H-I-T WEEK
MATINEES WED., SAT. 75c, \$1, \$1.50
NIGHTS—2nd Balc. 75c; Orch. \$2-All Plus Tax
—NIGHTS—BARGAIN BALCONY, \$1, \$1.50—

GLOBE • 7th SMASH WEEK
ADULTS ONLY
A MONSTER in gay disguise firing youth with daring that leads to disaster!
DON'T MISS
ASSASSIN OF YOUTH
SOWS THE SEEDS OF PASSION AND REAPS A HARVEST OF MADNESS!

KEITH MEMORIAL
MARIA MONTEZ
JON HALL SABU
COBRA WOMAN
TECHNICOLOR
2nd WEEK
SOUTH DIXIE

RKO BOSTON
STAGE
FRANKIE CARLE
ORCHESTRA
HOMER
This is the Life

'Marine Raiders' in Benefit Premiere at K-Memorial

By JOYCI DANA
Drama Editor

PUT a red ring 'round you date list for Tuesday, Aug. 1. That will be the day, or rather the night. The place is the RKO-Memorial, the time is 9 p. m., and from Montezuma to Tripoli you will have Uncle Sam's finest cheering for you.

It's going to be the premiere showing of the RKO picture of 1944, "Marine Raiders," and Arthur T. Hildebrand, Commandant of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of the Marine Corps League, makes the announcement that it is all for the benefit of the Marine Corps League Rehabilitation Fund.

This means that the lads who have come back from the foxholes and jungles, the beach-heads and deserts, with that HONORABLE discharge, will have another fighting chance. This time it will be by way of a national fund, to be administered by the Marine Corps League, and locally by the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment. They will see that the boys switch from combat to civilian life, with their problems economic and personal, smoothed over by efficient and judicious direction. It's a tough hurdle, too.

EVERYBODY—and that means you—hopes that at least \$3000 will be the take, if the Memorial sells out. Let's make it double or nothing.

RKO and the Memorial are assuming the expenses, of course, and that is definitely not alfalfa.

Our own Gov. Leverett Saltonstall heads the honorary committee sponsoring this important event. Commandant Hildebrand, of course, is another of the officials, together with Commandant Daniel D. Whelan, Rehabilitation Officer Ronald L. McDonald and Mr. Emil Groth, district manager of the RKO theaters in New England.

As if all this were not enough,



GARY COOPER in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," coming to the Paramount and Fenway Tuesday.

STARTS WEDNESDAY

The Story of Virtuous Women Fighting... and Torture...

Underground Guerrillas

WITH TOM WALLS JOHN CLEMENTS GODFREY TEARLE

Also: NICH, DIX in "CHOST SHIP"

TRANSLUX



FRANKIE CARLE and his orchestra head the new show at the RKO-Boston.

You'll find "Marine Raiders" starring Pat O'Brien, Ruth Hussey (a new and proud mamma, by the way) and Robert Ryan. You'll learn even more about the training and expansion of the Marine Corps—now half a million—and see them in action, leap-frogging their way from Saipan to Tokyo.

The picture was made with the complete co-operation of the United States Marine Corps. Get your application in early. They're selling tickets now.

Meantime, you have for cinema diversion "And The Angels Sing," light, sometimes bright, and with Fred MacMurray torn between Dotty Lamour and Betty Hutton—and an enviable spot at that.

Or there's "The Heavenly Body," an apt title depending on your point of view, with Hedy LaMar and Bill Powell at Lew's State. "Cobra Woman," with Maria Montez, holds over at the Memorial, with the star charming snakes and the masculine half of the audience.

Frankie Carle, who scored a knockout at his opening here at the K-Boston has a grand show, and for sentimentalists, there's still "The White Cliffs of Dover" at the Orpheum.

All in all, it's a gala week downtown.

Jerry Vincent Featured

Jerry Vincent, a lad from Boston, who has appeared in local shows here, has the featured role of Rev. Alexander Mill in the New London (N. H.) production of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida."

Young Mr. Vincent attended the Bishop-Lee school here, and will spend the summer season with the popular New London Players.

BOWDOIN
COW, WOLF, CARIBBEAN

DONALD O'CONNOR
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

MONSTER MAKER
CARROL NASH-RALPH MORGAN

GIRLS EAGER FOR
EXCITEMENT, USED BY
RUTHLESS MOBSTERS

UNDER AGE

CO-HEIT
BUT BROKE

GAYETY

BEACON
THE LADY AND THE MONSTER

PARSONS

Continued From Page 14

said Bing, "was to keep his voice down. I had to learn that myself. Then," I said, "personality is as important as acting ability. Remember, when you are facing the camera you are not Greg McClure—you are John L. Sullivan. Read everything you can find about the characteristics of the man and keep in his character."

"I am not a temperance lecturer, you know," said Bing, "but I suggested that if he liked to drink, not to during the making of the picture. He has a wife and 20-month-old baby and he has had to work hard to support them, so I wasn't afraid he would neglect his job. He was too eager to get it, but no one who hasn't had the responsibility of a picture knows the hard work entailed. I urged upon him the necessity of sharing the responsibility of making a good picture with us."

AFTER I had talked with Bing on the set of "Here Comes The Waves," I wanted to meet the young man Bing Crosby had chosen out of hundreds of applicants to play John L. Sullivan, the "Boston Strong Boy," who became champion heavyweight and was entertained in England by the Prince of Wales.

Young McClure, a six-footer, who weighs about 185 pounds, came to see me at my request. He is 26 years old, has dark hair, blue eyes and the whitest teeth I have ever seen. He was wearing the suit of the period, blue with the stripes on the coat running in a different direction, colored shirt and pointed-toe shoes.

"I just came off the set," he apologized, "and I didn't have time to change."

He said that Bing had changed his real name of Dale Easton to Greg McClure. "He wanted an Irish moniker," said Greg. "I guess because of John L.'s nationality." I could have added, "And because the Irish are his weakness."

BRIEFLY, this is the young man's career: He was born in Atlanta, but has spent most of his life in Oakland (Cal.) and in Hollywood. He went to school in the film capital and to Oakland High. His experience was as an extra at M-G-M and on the stage in one of the small theaters here. He is an athlete, powerfully built, and looks as if he had the strength of the famed John L.

I liked his gratitude to Bing, his thoughtfulness in getting a chance, and the way he spoke of Marge, his wife, and Teri-Ann, his little daughter.

And now we'll see if the best known crooner in America and the popular actor, Mr. Bing Crosby, made a good selection for "The Great John L." Personally, I think he did, because the boy looks so much like photographs I have seen of the young Sullivan.

PROVEN

NORMANDIE
BRIAN DONLEVY
HANGMEN
ALSO: JIM HENSON

TREMONT
BETTE DAVIS

SQUARE
FRISCO KID
SEVENTH AVENUE

JAMES CAGNEY

UPMAN
HITLER DEAD - ALIVE

OLD SOUTH
HOT MONEY

G. O. P. CONVENTION

SUNDAY, ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW

BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1944—Page 15

Today at the Uptown

The Uptown today presents "Shine on Harvest Moon" the tuneful, romantic story of vaudeville of years ago. The stars are Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan.

On the same program is the espionage drama "The Yellow Canary."

"Shine on Harvest Moon"

"Shine on Harvest Moon," the musical romance based on the life of Nora Hayes, starring Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and Irene Manning, is the attraction at the Modern. The co-feature stars Preston Foster in "Bermuda Mystery."

M-G-M's

ANNIVERSARY TRIUMPH!

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
"JADE"

COMING SOON!

NEIGHBORHOOD SUNDAY MOVIE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON REGENT A "GUY NAMED JOE" starting at 5 P. M. Arthur Lake-Lynne Roberts Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" KEMNORE SQ-BACK BAY KENMORE ROBERT TAYLOR "THE GREAT GATSBY" Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" BOSTON MARGARET O'BRIEN-JANE PAPE "COST ANGEL" Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" JOUTH STATION LENINGRAD Music Hall THIS IS TOMORROW BROOKLINE COOLIDGE CORNER "THE GREAT GATSBY" Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY Follow the Boys BERMUDA MYSTERY LECHMERE Gracie McDonald-R. Paige Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1448 MIA LAFINO-PAUL HENKED "IN OUR TIME" DORCHESTER GENEVA DORCHESTER DONALD O'CONNOR-Peggy Ryan Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" ADAMS LINA MYRREL-DONALD NOVYN Sweetheart of the U. S. A. BOSTON MAGNET A. O'Connor-Peggy Ryan Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" EVERETT CAPITOL PARK Vivian Maughan-T. Mitchell-A. Baxter Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" THE SULLIVANS Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" RIALTO Geo. Raft-Brenda Marshall Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" LYNN On the LYNWAY-ROUTE 1A John Wayne-Sarah Bayard Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" MALDEN GUY Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" GRANADA Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY"	MALDEN-Continued STRAND 1:45-3:15 Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" MYSTIC Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" ORPHEUM Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" AUDITORIUM Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" MAPLEWOOD Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" MEDFORD Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" LANCASTER Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" "ADDRESS UNKNOWN" Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" QUINCY STRAND Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" REVERE Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" SAUGUS Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" SHREWSBURY Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" SOMERVILLE Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" TELE. SQ-SOMERVILLE BROADWAY Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" WATERTOWN SQ. Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY" WINTHROP Also: "THE GREAT GATSBY"
--	--

FREE - These 3 best-selling MYSTERY NOVELS!

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB

HERE'S a great three-in-one detective book that offers you hours of exciting reading—now yours FREE, as a Membership Gift from the Detective Book Club!

You get this volume containing three COMPLETE \$2.00 mystery novels—a \$6.00 value if bought separately—without paying a cent for it! Each is a suspense-packed, modern best seller by a topnotch mystery

writer! Each is absolutely complete, standard booklength—original text has not been cut, abridged, or condensed in any way!

Yet this is no heavy, hard-to-handle "jumbo" volume. It is just the right size for comfortable reading on a train, in your easy chair, in bed—with large type for hour-after-hour enjoyment. Accept this great "three-decker" book now, as a gift!

A
\$6.00
VALUE

All These 3 Novels Complete in This One Handsome Volume!

1

Complete—this Lightning-Fast PERRY MASON Thriller!
"THE CASE of the DROWSY MOSQUITO"



Who ever heard of a "drowsy mosquito"? And how could it commit murder and steal a million dollars? It sounded like an ordinary mosquito to the nurse. Yet when she went to wait it, someone fired two shots at her! 24 hours later her wealthy patient was murdered! In a secret will he named Perry Mason his executor—and warned

that THE DROWSY MOSQUITO might try to rob his beneficiary, whom he didn't name! And in the desk with the will Mason found a dying mosquito!

FOUR MILLION Erle Stanley Gardner books were bought last year! Get started on this one, and you'll soon see why!

by ERLE
STANLEY
GARDNER

2

Complete This Eerie Puzzle by MERLDA MACE
"MOTTO FOR MURDER"



Could YOU solve this amazing disappearance of a rich old woman from a snowbound country mansion? The Christmas tree at the Hammond House had been decorated with paper mottoes. THREE people had drawn a "murder motto." And then THREE people died in 48 hours—but not the same three!

At first Tip O'Neill's job had been just to solve the strange disappearance of old Mrs. Hammond. It seemed to be cut-and-dried. But then the real murderer begins to "eliminate" the suspects in his own unique way! Here is a story you'll never forget—of a killer who knows no mercy and leaves no clues!

3

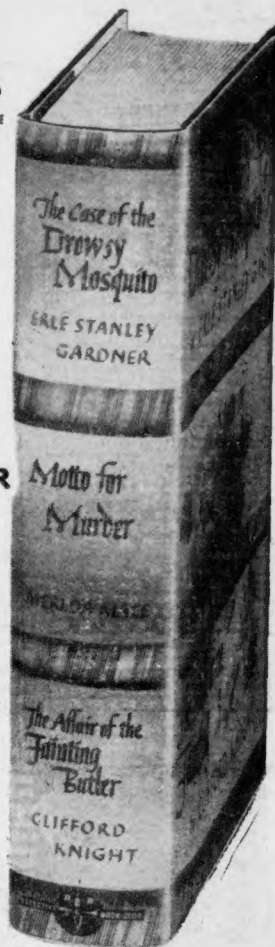
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"THE AFFAIR of the FAINTING BUTLER"



Whom would YOU have believed? HINCKLEY SLOAN? The police found no body, no footprints. Yet this haughty old actor insisted he had seen a dead man on the lawn! PROFESSOR HUNTOON ROGERS? This famous crime expert believed Sloan! THE DEAD MAN? Smiling and healthy, he insisted he was

very much alive! THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE? It telephoned four times, mumbling "Watch out for that butler!"

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